

Week ending January 30 1954 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

**DAVID DIVINE'S
SUPERB NOVEL
The Golden Fool**

**FRANK BERRYMAN LEADS THE
QUEEN THROUGH AUSTRALIA**



FOR THE CREAMIEST PORRIDGE THERE IS!

... that's what we say at our house—

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Yes, "Scott's-for-breakfast" families all agree there's no porridge so tempting as creamy Scott's. A hot breakfast gives the family a really good start to the day—and for a nourishing hot breakfast, there's nothing like Scott's. It's so quickly prepared, too, and so easy on the purse.

Scott's

for a good *hot* breakfast

What's more, we Mothers know the family needs nourishing, energy-giving breakfasts to start the day well—that's why Scott's is so popular with us.*

*Did you know that an ounce of Oat Flakes has more calories than an ounce of any other cereal?



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Many minor ailments—biliousness, lassitude, sick headaches, stomach upsets—are caused by impurities in a sluggish system. Beecham's Pills soon overcome these symptoms of constipation without upsetting any part of your digestive system, and lead to glowing health.

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1/7 & 3/10 a box
3 twists for 3 1/2d.

GENTLE The effect of Beecham's Pills is indistinguishable from a perfectly healthy, natural action.

EFFECTIVE They remove all congested waste matter without depriving your body of food containing valuable vitamins and minerals.

RELIABLE Beecham's Pills are not habit-forming—a normal dose never loses its efficacy. Take a bedtime dose of Beecham's Pills yourself—and keep well, keep young!

You'll feel better tomorrow

... ARE DOCTORS EVER OFF DUTY?

YOU WEREN'T AT THE YOUTH CLUB COMMITTEE — WE MISSED YOU MISS JAMES

NOTHING SERIOUS. THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS YOU WON'T BOTHER TO EAT PROPER MEALS! NOW HERE'S MY ADVICE ABOUT THAT

YES DOCTOR, I'VE FELT SO OFF-COLOUR LATELY. I MUST COME FOR YOUR ADVICE

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KEYSTONE WITH MEALS DOES MAKE THEM SO APPETISING, AND IT'S DOING ME GOOD ALREADY



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AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY

STILL ONLY 11/6 A FLAGON

5/9 A HALF FLAGON

6d. extra deposit (returnable) on both sizes

Delights the palate, creates appetite, makes every meal a banquet

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Doctors' secrets

WHEN doctors were only "medicine men," guessing at what was wrong and prescribing coloured water to give the patient a little psychological comfort, they had to wrap themselves in an air of mystery.

Today, when near-perfect diagnosis is possible and there is a battery of efficient weapons against most diseases, the need for secrecy has gone.

Yet secrecy stays. Relatively few doctors talk frankly to their patients. Most tell the sufferers as little as possible, either because they believe that people cannot be trusted with the facts or because they feel that the time it takes to explain is wasted.

ONE form that this "tell-nothing" rule takes is the writing of prescriptions in bad Latin. This is attacked by Professor Adam MacDonald of Manchester University. He says: "Are we ashamed of the therapy we prescribe or dispense? Do we fear lest the patient will ask, 'Is this worth the shilling we have to pay?' Are we prepared, in this golden age of therapeutics, to stoop to mumbo-jumbo? I hope not."



PROFESSOR MACDONALD
"Are we ashamed . . . ?"

More than 3,500,000 people a year enter hospital. There the wall of silence is even worse.

Doctors rarely have the experience of being ordinary patients. When one did, she wrote to a medical journal:

"In our training we were not told of the patient's feelings nor how much we might explain. When I suddenly found myself a patient nobody would tell me what was wrong. At last I saw things from the patient's point of view—one of complete helplessness and the exaggerated fears that come from ignorance."

EVERY year seven out of ten of the patients of Britain's 21,000 general practitioners consult their doctors. Not all of them want to hear the unvarnished truth. But those who do should be told.

Thanks to increased popular education most of them know something of the workings of their bodies. They know, too, about such innovations as sulfa drugs, which can cure pneumonia, scarlet fever and tonsillitis, and about penicillin and the other antibiotic wonder drugs which have revolutionized treatment. They are no longer afraid to hear exactly what is wrong with them and what can be done about it.

It is the empty, secretive bedside or consulting room manner which can be so frightening. Patients have confidence in the new methods of treatment. The best way the doctors can inspire equal confidence is to be frank.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THIS time last year, dense fog, droughts and gales were rife in south-east England. But it was still summer when winter started, so Fred Laurent sees nothing incongruous in letting the seasons get their lines crossed in his painting of a scene in Eastbourne not far from his home. The flower-sellers, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, have been selling flowers in and around Terminus Road for so many years that they are a part of the town.



NOW! Luxurious rugmaking outfits that all can afford . . .

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Take swift action against husky throat, coughs, colds and catarrh. Pop in a KILKOF KONE. These pleasant-tasting pastilles contain valuable medicaments which warm you, comfort you and soothe away all soreness. Carry a packet *always*.

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KILKOF (in bottles) 1/8 and 3/6 **7d**

Made by PARKINSONS LTD., Manufacturing Chemists, Burnley



SOOTHE away soreness
RELIEVE irritation
EASE tightness

She can't see what's wrong with her.....

What is ruining an otherwise gratifying elegance is an unpleasant powdering of dandruff on the back of her collar and shoulders, where everybody but she can see it. When she does discover it she'll feel quite horrified, and yet this trouble and the listless hair that comes with it, are easily avoidable. Dr. Page Barker's Scurf and Dandruff Lotion is an old-established treatment which continues to grow in popularity for one excellent reason . . . that it is extremely effective. If you or any of your family are dandruff sufferers ask today for Dr. Page Barker's Scurf and Dandruff Lotion at all chemists and hair-dressers. 3/2d. per bottle. Large size 4/4d.

For a complete treatment use also
DR. PAGE BARKER'S D.43 SHAMPOO





'Every chance to get on!'

says Staff Sergeant T. A. Judge, R.A.C.

PRIVATE JUDGE, called up for National Service in August 1944, little thought that only 26 months later he would be a Staff Sergeant in the Regular Army. His early decision to get into the Royal Armoured Corps and his keenness on the job took him through a Gunnery and Wireless Operators' Course in rapid time. Passing out top in a Gunnery Instructors' course in August 1945 made him Staff Instructor at the Bovington Gunnery School—and a Lance Sergeant. Realizing that the Army offered an exceptionally fine career he joined the Regulars and was at once made a full Sergeant. His promotion to Staff Sergeant came in October 1946. As well as instructing officers, Staff Sergeant Judge introduces new weapons and equipment to Units stationed in England and Germany. Aged only 26 and single, he draws £7.7.3 per week *all found* and, having passed the important Forces Preliminary Examination, can now look forward to early promotion to Warrant Officer. 'In the Army today', he says, 'the keen chap is certainly given every chance to get on'.



1. On the Gunnery Range, Staff Sergeant Judge takes command. All tanks on which he is giving instruction act under his orders. He can drive them too, Centurions and all!



2. The world becomes a small place for men like Staff Sergeant Judge. Special trips to overseas units are all part of his exciting job. He has been to Germany three times.



3. Busy though he is, Staff Sergeant Judge finds time for the sports he likes. Swimming is his favourite and, being stationed near the sea, he gets plenty of it.

You're somebody today in the Regular Army



The War Office, AG10/59T London, S.W.1.
Please send me without obligation the new fully illustrated
64 page book 'The Regular Army'

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

If you are 14-17—and keen—Join the Army Cadet Force

FREE SPEECH

He cannot afford to teach

AS a twenty-six year old graduate who left a teaching post in a grammar school for a job in industry at twice the salary, I was particularly interested by the JOHN BULL Editorial (January 16) on the current shortage of science and maths teachers.

During my four years of university training, I lived on a grant which was given in return for a pledge that I would make teaching my career. I enjoyed teaching and knew the job to be thoroughly worth while. But as a married man with children, I could not ignore the fact that I had little hope of ever attaining the living standards which many doctors, civil servants, engineers and research workers—men with qualifications comparable to my own—take for granted at thirty. I could not even afford to buy a house. My income was then £580; there was little prospect of it ever exceeding £1,000. So I resigned. I have not even the consolation that I am doing really useful work in another field. The job for which I receive £1,100 a year is connected with the production of cosmetics.—S. T., Surrey.

Food For Thought

A FRIEND who is engaged in research work at an American university has written to tell us about the International Club to which she belongs. She says that each group of members is taking it in turn to cook and serve a national meal of their own country. The British group served fish and chips, trifle and tea.—MRS. MOLLY PATTERSON, Beehive Green, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire.

Smoked Out

I ENJOYED the "Free Speech" letter about the woman who turned up her radio to dissuade an undesirable family from buying the house next door. When traveling to work, I like to read my papers in peace and quiet, undisturbed by over-loud conversation. I was, therefore, extremely annoyed on a recent morning when my train compartment was invaded by a trio of boisterous business men in their sixties who roared silly jokes at each other all the way to Paddington. I could hardly read a line. Two mornings later, these men entered my compartment again. I had to act. I pulled out my pipe, and lit up with herbal tobacco. They moved out at the next station.—J. D., Berkshire.

Fare Play

WHEN I asked a student from the Near East what it was that had impressed him the most during his stay in England, he told me this story. "I was on a bus, and I noticed a small boy about to get off. He had not paid his fare, and the conductor was on the upper deck. You'll get away with it, my lad, I thought. Not at all; he

gave his twopence to the woman sitting beside him. I expected to see her pocket it, but she gave it to the conductor when he came down. So the conductor will get the twopence himself, I said to myself. Then I saw him punch a ticket and throw it away—the third honest act in less than three minutes."—E. N. A., Streatham Hill, London, S.W.16.

To The Point

IN my last parish our Adult Guild occasionally held a light entertainment for church members. One Sunday I announced that the Guild was to hold a darts match—ladies against gentlemen. The next hymn was "Lord of our life, and God of our salvation." The congregation were amused when they sang the last two lines of its second verse: "Lord, while their darts evenom'd they are hurling, Thou canst preserve us." The ladies were never very good shots, but they won that time.—Rev. T. A. FOSTER, Brassey Road, Winchester.

Table Game

WHEN our two children were young and not too well-behaved, we invented a mealtime game called "What did I move?" Each of us in turn closed his eyes while the person next to him moved something on the table. There were three chances to say what it was. We found that the very youngest

STARTING IN JOHN BULL
NEXT WEEK

RAMPS DOWN!

by

Murdoch McDougall

FULL DETAILS ON PAGE 21

children usually excelled at this game, which kept the peace, provided a common interest and trained us all to be more observant.—N. A., HEACHAM, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Day Of Fire

EDWARD LINDALL'S story *Ring Of Fire* (JOHN BULL, January 9) vividly recalled to me a terrible bush fire which raged in the Gippsland region of Victoria, in Australia, in 1926. On a day remembered as the Gippsland Black Sunday, the town and district of Wonthaggi were saved by a double fire break. Our local hospital, a wooden building, was in grave danger, and arrangements were made to remove the patients if it proved necessary. We watched all night with the fires around us. Many thousand acres of land were burned, and homes and property were destroyed. Thirty-one lives were lost. Some farmers and their families escaped by standing in ponds and water holes.—HARRY VAWSER, Needingworth, St. Ives, Huntingdonshire.

Because of the danger of fires, residents in Victoria are forbidden to burn rubbish in the open during the summer.

Perm Sir?

FOR a long time now my barber, who once had two assistants, has struggled on single-handed. The other day I had to queue for nearly an hour. When at last I reached the chair, the barber apologized and told me about his staff troubles. "This is becoming an old man's trade," he said. "I've had only one apprentice since the war. The boys prefer the big wages in the factories, and so do some of the trained men for that matter." I suggested to him that the time had come to start employing women for men's hairdressing. "Never," he said. "Not in my day." I did not argue, but I

could not see any reason for his objection. When I visited Finland before the war, I found that nearly all the barbers there were girls.—GERALD TRAILL, Reading.

Family Car

IT is quite true that the imaginative child needs something more than a swing in his play ("Free Speech," January 16). Old cars are my hobby, and four years ago I bought a vintage Morris for £25, hoping to put it on the road again. I succeeded; it made one



journey before breaking down completely. The day before the junk dealer was due to collect the car, I noticed my boys happily climbing over it. I decided to keep it for them, and had it set up on four concrete blocks so that it could not move. It was a great success; the boys brought in all their friends for adventure games with the new toy. Now it is serving another useful purpose. My eldest two are learning to use tools by removing the wheels and parts of the engine, and then trying to put them back.—F. X. CORR, County Antrim.

Helping Hand

I AM a disabled man, and recently I had to make a journey by rail to London, leaving Exeter at about half past one in the morning. I telephoned the station and asked for help in boarding the train. When my wife and I arrived, there was a porter waiting with an invalid chair. There was another chair for me at Paddington. I received the same service when I travelled back the next day. I offered tips, but they were not accepted.—S. PERKINS, Heavitree, Exeter.

Invalid chairs are provided at principal stations. There is no charge for their use.

Gone With The Wind

POWER-DRIVEN pumps now drain the low lands of Norfolk, and the fine old windmills (referred to in the JOHN BULL Holiday Guide) have been left to fall down. My photograph shows Ash Tree Mill (west of Yarmouth, on the south bank of the Bure), which was the last working



drainage windmill in Norfolk. Its sails, which can be seen lying on the ground in the picture, were torn off in the great gale of January 31, 1953.—K. W. G., Yorkshire.

Towards the end of the last century steam pumps began to replace some of the Norfolk drainage windmills. Today half the pumps are powered by petrol, oil or diesel engines, and half by electricity

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Teeth whiter. Breath sweeter.
Close-up confidence!



Turn to Macleans for real close-up confidence

What a terrific reception this great new tooth paste has had! To the best-selling tooth paste in the land Macleans added fresh, green, vital chlorophyll. And subtracted none of the time-tested ingredients which have given users of Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste the whitest teeth in Britain.

The green tooth paste that makes teeth whiter

Note this: chlorophyll does not clean your teeth; it cleans your breath. How vital it is, then, to get a good, whitening tooth paste when you change to chlorophyll! Macleans' chemists have evolved a superb combination

of the world's most effective whitening tooth paste and Nature's own deodorant—chlorophyll. Use this double-value, double-protection tooth paste today.

Prove for yourself, from the very first morning, how Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste with Chlorophyll freshens, sweetens your mouth—and makes your teeth whiter.

TRIUMPH OF RESEARCH!

The perfect tooth paste with chlorophyll

Macleans will give you whiter teeth. But what of your breath? Of all mouth odours, 60 per cent originate in the mouth itself (as against stomach or throat). The chlorophyll in Macleans banishes those unpleasant odours. Gives you complete confidence. Close-up confidence!

Makes breath
sweeter...
makes teeth
whiter



★ MACLEANS USERS PLEASE NOTE:

The original Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste is still available everywhere at 1/7d. and 2/5d.

1'11d.

6b, G/53

Walters'

"Palm"

Toffee

THE PERFECTION OF CONFECTIONS

DAS

Indigestion

Do you enjoy eating?

ALWAYS-THANKS TO

MOORLANDS

FOR QUICKER RELIEF

4 rolls (40 tablets): 1/-

8 rolls (80 tablets): 1/11

FROM ALL CHEMISTS



STOP weakening COUGHS

*A spoonful of Veno's
swallowed slowly
relieves the worst cough*



This smooth demulcent
syrup rapidly spreads
over sensitive mem-
branes—stops the tickle

The cough that begins when you lie down to rest. The cough which tears at your throat and leaves you exhausted. VENO'S COUGH MIXTURE will relieve coughs like these—quickly. Swallow a teaspoonful very slowly. You will feel it spread a soothing film over the raw, sensitive, mucous lining of your throat. The tickling irritation will go—and the cough will STOP. Why is this? Because VENO'S is a powerful demulcent. So effective that it will stop the worst cough you ever had. Yet it is SAFE for all the family. Keep a bottle in the house. 1/8d. and (Economical Family Size) 2/10d.

VENO'S

COUGH MIXTURE

FOR NIGHT COUGHS, MORNING COUGHS,
CHILDREN'S COUGHS, THROAT & CHEST SORENESS

THIS BOOK can mean £1000 a year TO YOU

An authoritative guide to rapid
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Whatever your previous education, it gives you a plan for a successful future. What is more, it shows you the QUICK and CERTAIN way to success—THE RAPID RESULTS WAY.

Quietly, in the comfort of your own home, and in your selected time, you can be making speedy progress towards the fulfilment of your ambitions—a responsible, well-paid and secure position in the business world, or in the profession of your choice.

In 25 years of expert home-study training, THE RAPID RESULTS COLLEGE has perfected the unique system which makes learning a pleasure, and which gets you through in the minimum of time. Its exclusive methods have brought success to well over 45,000 students.

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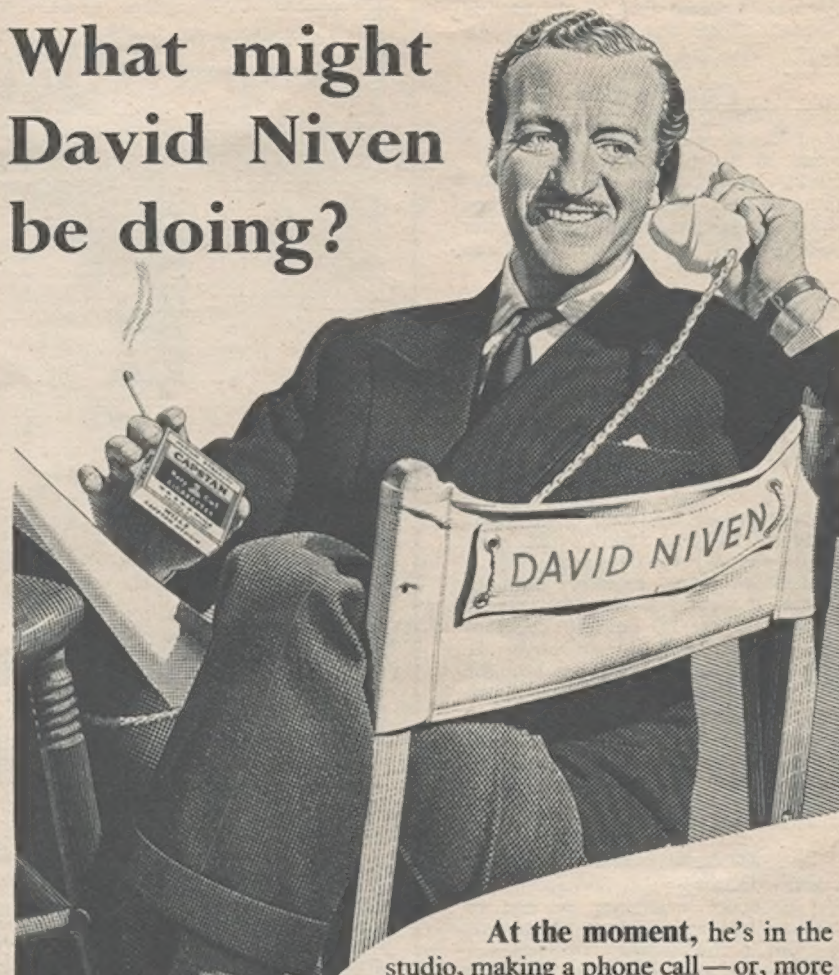
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What might David Niven be doing?



At the moment, he's in the
studio, making a phone call—or, more
accurately, making a phone call the
excuse to sit down for a moment and
enjoy a much needed cigarette.

What he *might* be doing is another story. The
fact is, he does so many things, there's no
knowing what he might be doing if you met
him off parade (as they used to say when he was
a regular officer in a Highland regiment).

But whatever he's doing—water ski-ing or
spear-fishing off the Californian coast, playing
golf at St. Andrews or painting pictures in
Oxfordshire—you can be sure of one thing.
There'd be a packet of Capstan in the picture.

"Well, naturally," he says. "Whatever I do,
I must have a cigarette. Won't you?"



Have a CAPSTAN

★ David Niven stars with Yvonne de
Carlo and Barry Fitzgerald in Mario
Zampi's gay Associated British Techni-
color comedy—"O'Leary Night".

—they're made
to make friends

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

CC837L

Another £100 in Cash Prizes Must be Won!

The "Fitting Phrases" com-
petition proved so popular
that we are again offering two
separate prizes of £50 in
another contest on pages 25
and 27. Don't on any account
miss it. It's a free competition
open to all readers and their
families. Full details are
given on each page.

Turn to Pages 25 and 27

Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

When your stomach is out of order, be
quite sure of the cause before you start
taking remedies. Work and worry often
cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the
only way to end this is to rebuild and restore
your nerves.

Unless your diet contains enough Vitamin B
your digestion will suffer; you will become head-
achy, irritable, sleep badly, and show all the signs
of a nervous collapse.

Make sure you get enough Vitamin B. Take
Phillips Tonic Yeast tablets with your meals.
Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B
vitamins and Phillips Tonic Yeast is pure yeast in
concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast to-day. You
will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried
and depressed, and your digestion will improve.
But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is
the finest yeast with all its cells intact and without
any drugs or harmful ingredients. At all chemists,
1/6, 3/6 and 5/9.



"You won't enter the car for the race at all, then?" she asked. Raynham stood up abruptly. He had never deceived her before, but now he had to

A GAMBLE WITH DEATH

by HUGH FORBES

He dare not tell her what he planned. It could so easily kill him

RAYNHAM AWOKE TO FIND sunlight streaming into his ward, and, for the first time since the crash, felt no pain. He found he had an appetite for breakfast, and he was resting comfortably afterwards when the house surgeon came in.

"And how do you feel this morning, Mr. Raynham?"

The surgeon was a small, grey-haired man with alert brown eyes that watched his patient intently.

"Normal," Raynham said. "Fit enough to want to get out of here as soon as I can."

"Good . . . good." The surgeon spoke absently, casting his eye over the papers the sister had handed him. "You caused us quite a spot of worry, you know. Quite a spot. . . ." His voice trailed off as he read.

"I know. I'm more than grateful for all you've done," Raynham said quickly. "When can I get out?"

The doctor looked up then. "It's going to

be a few weeks, I'm afraid. You're not right yet."

"Weeks!" Raynham started up in the bed. The movement sent a stabbing pain through his head.

He sank back, putting a hand up to his head, feeling the bandages there.

The surgeon returned the papers to the sister. He said, quietly: "You'll have to resign yourself to it. We can't hurry things. By all accounts you're extremely lucky to be alive."

"You mean I can't race again this season?"

"My dear fellow, you won't be able to race this season or any other. From now on you'll have to leave motor-racing well alone, for good."

Raynham stared at him. "But, good God—it's my livelihood!"

"It'll be your death-warrant if you race

again," the surgeon replied quietly. "I know how you feel. I can understand what it means to you. But you've got to face facts. From these reports it appears that your skull now has a permanent weakness." His face was serious. "If your head gets another bad shaking it might easily prove fatal."

Raynham didn't answer. His face was white, his lips dry.

"That's the honest truth of it," the surgeon said. He moved towards the door. "And it's best you should know it straight away. I'm sorry, Mr. Raynham, but there it is." He paused at the door. "Well—I'll drop in to see you tomorrow."

Raynham was sunk in despair when Anne came to visit him later that morning, but his heart went out to her at the sight of her anxious face, and he roused himself and managed some sort of a smile for her.

"Oh, David!" She was sitting on the edge of the bed, holding his hands in hers. "How

ILLUSTRATED BY NASH

are you, darling? You look very, very much better!"

"I'm fine," Raynham said. "Apart from a cracked skull."

"Yes, I know," she said softly. "They told me."

He glanced at her quickly, but she had looked down, and for a moment there was silence in the room. For years she had trembled every time he took a car on the track.

"I'm sorry, darling," she said suddenly, in a small voice. "Truly and desperately sorry."

Raynham stared at their joined hands. "It is rather a blow," he said at last. "You know what it means, to the firm, I mean, if this car of ours doesn't enter the Grand Prix? We've put every penny of our spare capital into it. If it doesn't enter we'll be bankrupt. Finished."

She turned back to him. "Why shouldn't it enter?" she asked warmly. "Oh, darling, I know you're a fine driver, but there *are* others. What's wrong with Peter?"

"Nothing. He's come on tremendously. But he's young, and he hasn't been at the game long enough to beat those Italians."

They chatted of other things, but the future hung over them darkly, and when she had gone, he sank into a blacker mood than before.

Anne came again next day and brought the children with her. The youngsters were full of excited chatter, and for a time they cheered Raynham up.

But he was more than glad when they had gone and MacPhee, his racing manager, was sitting on the visitors' chair.

DON MACPHEE was a stocky, middle-aged Scot, a first-rate mechanic and disciplinarian who had never let Raynham down yet, and never would.

Raynham said: "I suppose you know everything?"

"Ay," MacPhee said. "And it's a pretty pickle, I admit. But we've got to be thankful you've come through it all right. That's the only thing that really matters, Chief."

"Thank you, Mac."

MacPhee rubbed his chin. "We've got the car," he said. "There's five years' work in her, and she'll beat anything going today, with the right driver."

"You haven't found another driver?"

"No one better than young Peter Archer. Not that I've anything against the lad. He's a fine driver, but he needs experience."

"That leaves us three alternatives, then," Raynham said. "One, we don't enter for the race and go bankrupt. Two, Archer drives, in which case we probably still fold up. Three, I drive, which means we have a chance of winning."

"Ay—and also a chance of driving yourself to kingdom come," MacPhee said shortly.

Raynham lost patience. "Well, what the hell else is there?" he demanded angrily. "Can't you see—?" He stopped and got hold of himself. "I'm sorry, Mac. The fact is, the firm's almost on the rocks. A win could boost our sales enough to save us."

MacPhee nodded. "Ay, I know how it is."

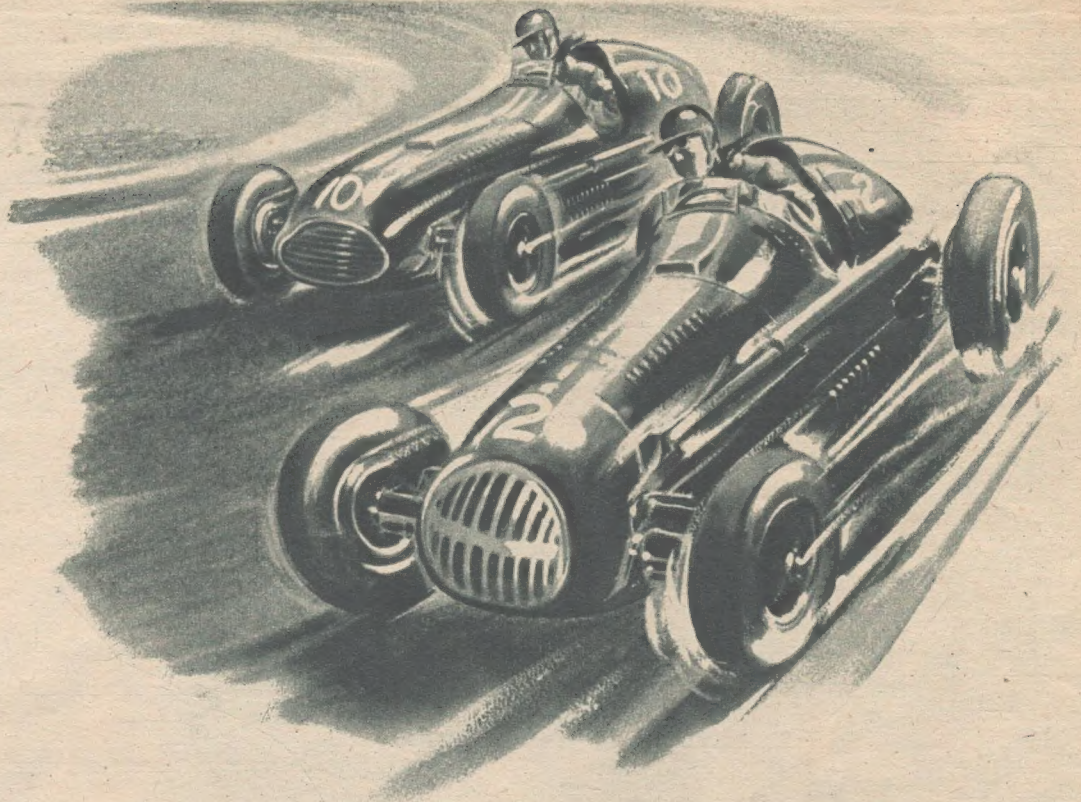
"Driving our car, I know I could do it," Raynham said. "And what's against me? The risk that I might knock this damned head of mine. How much risk is that? This crash was the first I've had in fifteen years' racing." He sank back on the pillows, breathing heavily.

MacPhee waited a while. Then he said: "Chief, you know it wouldn't need a crash to do the damage. A shaking could do it, and you must have had plenty of those. All drivers do. You can't do that any more."

"I don't see why—"

"It'd finish ye," MacPhee said with finality. "And what good would that do? We'd still go broke; to say nothing of the plucky wife and bonny family you ought to be thinking of."

He got up to go. "Anyway, there's nothing you can do for the present, so you'd better



Number Two swerved furiously round the bend. The "faster" board had gone up . . .

relax. When you come out of dock we can really chew it over. And for the meantime—have ye any instructions in particular?"

"No," Raynham said. "Except I suppose you'd better tell Peter to get in as much practice as he can. And nurse that car in cotton-wool, or I'll never forgive you!"

The weeks to Raynham's discharge passed tantalizingly slowly. But at last the day came, a bright morning in early July, when Anne and the children arrived in the car to fetch him. After weeks in the small room he enjoyed the hot sun and the wide streets and bustling crowds. At home, the children had strung up flags across the porch, with a plaque saying "Welcome Home, Daddy"; and they shrieked with excitement at his pleased surprise when the car swung into the drive.

In the afternoon, he went down to the factory. Everyone was glad to see him. There were a hundred or so familiar faces, some who had joined him when he had opened his first workshop at the back of his garage all those years ago, others youthful apprentices. Raynham knew all their Christian names, and they greeted him with a moving respect. They all knew the state of affairs.

He glanced with a sad pride along the short production line of sports cars. Each car was a work of quality. Profits were never large on them at their present price. It was that that had brought them to the verge of bankruptcy, that had forced them to gamble everything they had on the Racing Special.

And now he was faced with an even bigger gamble. On the one hand, everything he had ever worked for. On the other. . . . Without realizing that he had come to the moment of decision, he made his mind up then.

AFTER dinner that evening, he sat with Anne on the terrace, quietly smoking his pipe. "How was the factory, David?" she asked, when they had been silent for a while.

"Oh, its same old self."

"I'm sure they were glad to see you back."

"I think so."

She said nervously: "Darling, how do things stand at the moment?" He sensed the tension in her and steeled himself against it.

"The car's entered with Peter as driver," he said. "That's about all we can do."

"Isn't there a chance that Peter might win?"

He looked at her. "A chance? There's always

a chance. If Peter can cut his lap by twenty seconds or so, that'd help. Or Carossi's car might break down, though that's not very likely."

"Is Carossi so terribly good?"

"He's an artist at the wheel," Raynham said. "He'd take some catching even if he was on a motor scooter."

They were silent again. They sat watching the sun sink below the horizon.

"You won't enter the car for the race at all then?" she asked.

"I didn't say that," he said carefully. He knocked out his pipe and stood up. He had never deceived her before, but now he had to. "It's getting chilly," he said. "Shall we go in?"

THE low green racing car completed a final, snarling lap and pulled into the pits. "Two minutes thirty-five," said James, the time-keeper. "Ten seconds better than Carossi's record last year."

"Ay, with his old car," MacPhee said.

Archer climbed out of the cockpit and walked over to them. In his white crash helmet he seemed even younger than he was.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Just knock fifteen seconds off, laddie, that's all I ask ye," MacPhee said.

"Don't worry, Peter, you're doing nicely," Raynham said. "You've got the unofficial lap record. You could give Carossi a good run."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Raynham," Archer said, but he didn't say it very happily.

Raynham and MacPhee drove away from the track together. Raynham said, at length: "I'm afraid young Archer hasn't the confidence I thought he had. He handles her well enough in practice, but if he forces himself on the day and gets a few bad scares, he could lose his nerve for good."

MacPhee looked at him sharply. He knew this considering tone. "We know all that," he said roughly. "What are you planning?"

"I'll be driving her myself."

MacPhee opened his mouth to protest.

"All I want you to do is keep quiet about it," Raynham went on evenly. "I don't want Anne to know before she's got to. Understand?"

"I understand."

"And tell Peter he's to go easy with the practising. I don't want him smashing her up."

"And when, may I ask, are *you* going to practise?"

"I want to cut risks as much as possible," Raynham said. "I'll do a couple of laps a few

hours before the race for a grid position. That should be enough."

"Oh, my God!" MacPhee breathed softly. "Have you gone clean out of your mind, man? You'll need to practise more than that. The best drivers in the world—"

"I know," Raynham said. "I know all that, Mac. I can only dare to do so much. . . ."

Raynham left for the track early on the morning of the Grand Prix. Anne was not arriving until after lunch, which would give him adequate time to get in a few laps. He settled into the familiar cockpit. MacPhee came up to the car.

"Now, for pity's sake, take care, Chief. If you don't feel up to it, come straight in."

Raynham grinned and waved a hand as the mechanics pushed the car forward. The engine roared into life. He worked quickly through the gears and felt himself pressed against the seat by the powerful acceleration. The wind around his mouth and chin increased in force until it numbed him. The smooth track unfolded before him faster and faster.

Skid marks snaked past him, and suddenly he was at the first corner. He pushed his foot down hard on the brake, but pushed too far and was thrown forward on to the wheel. His hands trembled and the road seemed to blur.

He quickly recovered, but the next corner was as bad. His reactions seemed deadened. He braked too soon and accelerated too late. His old skill seemed to have utterly deserted him, and so had his confidence.

When he pulled into the pits he found he had lapped in nineteen seconds slower than Archer.

MacPhee stopped him as he walked away from the car. The tough little Scot was looking more worried than ever. "Look, Chief," he said, "are you sure you want to go through with it?"

"Of course I'm sure," Raynham snapped. "That run doesn't mean a thing. You can't expect blasted miracles when I've been away from it all for two months."

He walked away and sat down on the grass. He felt very dizzy. Behind him he could hear MacPhee admonishing a mechanic. The whole pit seemed to have caught his mood.

He tried to relax. He was going to drive in the race, and that was that.

Now, people were beginning to fill the stands on the other side of the track. A stiff military march crackled suddenly from the loudspeakers. Some of the cars began to roar round the circuit for a few practice laps. Raynham saw Carossi taking his bright-red car round with his usual gay confidence, his face set in a grin of determination and pleasure.

There were only a few minutes to go before the start of the race when he saw Anne coming towards him through the crowd. He realized with a sudden guilt that he had almost forgotten about her. He threw aside his crash-helmet and went over to her, trying desperately to decide whether he had been right or not in keeping all this from her until the very last moment.

She seemed quite calm and composed, much more so than he was. "So you are going to drive after all?" she said. "I—I think I knew you would when it came to it."

"I'm sorry, Anne," he said. "I've got to do this."

She took his arm. "I know," she said. "I understand. I would have understood if you had told me. But it was my fault you didn't. I was being too selfish about it."

Raynham stopped and turned her to him. "Thank God for you," he said. "Thank God!"

She met his gaze, smiling up at him, and he didn't see the anxiety in her eyes. "Make it a good win, David," she said. "A good win for the last one."

He said: "It'll be the last one, all right."

They went over to the pits. Raynham felt a

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"I'm sorry, Anne," he said. "I've got to do this." And then, miraculously, she was smiling at him



Michael fires as a lioness charges the photographer during the filming of *African Fury*. The bullet, passing through her head, kicks up the sand behind

of hundreds of hooves through the grass. First, a huge cow lumbered into view, then hundreds of others came forward in a large arc in front of us. Penga sat motionless in the branch above me. I stood equally still behind the tree, peering past the trunk and over a small branch that jutted out horizontally at eye-level.

I watched the buffalo walk into the muddy water and wallow around like a lot of pigs. Some of them rolled on their backs and then stood up covered in red mud, looking like red Afrikaner oxen; some browsed from the low branches; others grazed nearby, or just stood drowsily, swishing the flies off their backs with their lumpy-ended tails.

A Shot—And Then Chaos

Then the herd parted, and two bulls with heads together in fight or in play came crashing through, to stand still at the edge of the water and lick their sides as though nothing had happened. One bull was a magnificent animal. Penga thought so, too, because he tapped my shoulder with his foot and pointed to him. I nodded. Yes, that's the one I want, I thought. I raised my rifle and fired. The bull stood for a second, then dropped.

Instantly there was complete chaos. The ground trembled with the stampede of hundreds of tons of beef on hoof. The herd came straight towards our tree, and the lowing and bellowing and thumping of horns was almost deafening. They were passing within two feet of me, dangerously close—so near that I could see the terror in their bloodshot eyes. My own were smarting with dust thrown up from their flying hooves.

I wanted to drop a few buffalo on each side of the tree, so that the rest would have to make a wide detour, for I was afraid that one of those

horns might come too close and hook me into the path of the thundering hooves. I started to shoot from the hip, at point-blank range. Some buffaloes dropped, and those behind the fallen tripped headlong over them and were trampled to death by the rest of the surging, terrified herd. The air was rich with the smell of blood and dung. I could hardly see through the clouds of dust and flying leaves.

"Baas, come!" shouted Penga urgently, with his arm stretched down towards me. I passed my rifle up and heaved myself into the tree beside him, and together we watched the last of the herd go by.

The drumming of the hooves grew fainter. We climbed down from the tree. The dust had now settled, and I looked around me. What a bloody mess! The dead buffaloes could hardly be recognized as beasts at all. About twenty had stumbled over the bodies of those I had shot, and before they could recover their balance they had been trampled to death under the plunging hooves of the buffaloes behind them.

Sight Haunted Him For Years

I felt sick and sat down, and rinsed my mouth with water from my bottle. I could hardly recognize the bull I had first seen and shot. There was nothing left of him but a pulp of blood and bone, half-trodden into the dust. What a price to pay for a trophy! All the zest I had expected to feel in the kill was absent; I felt tired and wretched and ashamed of myself. The sight of those mangled bodies haunted me for years.

So I say this to hunters, whether they are after rabbits in an English wood or lions in the distant veld: if you're hunting for trophies, try for the animal that is alone; the old leaders

which have been kicked out and are no longer wanted, the outcasts and the exiles. And to the next generation of hunters—for hunters there will always be—I give this advice; never do anything that will make you feel regretful in years to come; never do anything that may mar your good memories.

Captor Faces His Captives

For instance, I have always had regrets about Whisky and Soda, the two baby elephants who died shortly after I captured them. I was also to feel very humble later on when, on landing in New York, I went to Rochester Zoo and saw Punch and Judy, two lions I had captured, in their cage. I had taken them from their mother when they were only two or three weeks old. They had been shipped to America soon afterwards, and I was to see them through the iron bars behind which I had been instrumental in putting them.

Their proud heads lifted and they looked into the distance over my shoulder, sadly, so I thought. Did they dream of the life they should have known, where by rights they belonged—roaming through the bush and over the grassy plains of the Kalahari, their challenging roars reverberating through the night, and making the meaner beasts slink away? Standing looking at them, smelling again the smell of lion, brought back memories of the time, two years ago, when I had caught them. . . .

My friend Brian and his wife Thelma, their friend Marilyn Hoeck, and I, were driving in a jeep across the Kalahari looking for lion. One of the trackers told us he had picked up the spoors of a lion and a lioness, and we followed them to a point where they parted; the lion going one way, the lioness another. The trackers

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Investigation begins by identifying the damaged material. Courtney Harwood watches Katharine Anderton paint fibres with a tell-tale stain



Doreen Reffell and Katharine examine a tablecloth ruined by harsh bleaching, which rotted the rayon fibres but did not attack the cotton

Harwood's detectives investigate havoc in the washtub

by RONALD W. CLARK

Why did the colours run, and what made the curtains shrink? When complaints reach the laundry, Harwood's team irons out the trouble

AN IRATE HOUSEWIFE recently complained to her laundryman that six table napkins just returned to her had been seriously damaged in the wash. Two days later, the napkins, each with a piece missing from one corner, were sent by the laundry to a red brick laboratory in the London suburb of Hendon, where chemists treated the frayed fibres at the disintegrated corners. After analysis, the napkins went back to the laundry with a recommendation that the housewife should be asked certain questions. "The woman admitted right away that she had tried to remove the Utility mark by dipping the corners in a strong bleach before they went to the laundry," says Courtney Harwood, research director of the British Launderers' Research Association. "Then she had hung them to dry in front of a fire. Instead of drying out normally the bleach dried into the material and ate it so thoroughly that it fell away in the first wash."

Experiment With A Dirty Vest

With seventy trained assistants, Harwood spends his working hours on detective work such as this, and on experiments to improve the efficiency of the weekly wash. A middle-aged research chemist who went into industry from University College, London, and who himself looks like a university professor, he tests new washing agents, tries out improved methods, and investigates the survival qualities of new fabrics before they go into mass production. He also searches for fresh laundering techniques that will reduce prices.

A few months ago, one of Harwood's research chemists agreed to wear a vest for three weeks without changing it. When he finally took it off, colleagues boiled it, extracted the dirt and sweat, and then set out to concoct a mixture roughly similar to that taken from the vest. It comprised coconut oil, cotton seed, groundnut oil, several assorted acids and colloidal graphite in white spirit. "Now," says Harwood, "we have an artificial soiling agent like the real thing. We work against that."

Cleansing, however, is only one of scores of problems regularly placed before Harwood's team. Normally, every type of washable material, from four-inch-square handkerchiefs to huge sheets measuring thirteen feet by eighteen, reach the laboratory, and Harwood is frequently called on to show good cause why tablecloths have been damaged in the wash and why colours have run in bedspreads and curtains. He also gets underclothes which have failed to stand up to fair wear and tear, and towelling which has

rotted. Once, he was asked the best way to wash a pair of fifty-foot theatre curtains before they were fireproofed.

When one laundry had an altar-cloth returned from a church with the claim that it had been riddled with holes in the wash, the association's experts tested it as if it were a murder clue set before a forensic science team. They detected that the holes were even and clear-cut, as if produced by minute teeth. When the cloth was folded the holes matched.

"Our suspicions were later confirmed," says Harwood. "The cloth had been laid on a bench in the church and eaten through by wood-worm."

Often, Harwood's chemists are given tricky items to tackle, such as fishmongers' overalls from which fish-slime must be removed, photographers' clothing stained by chemicals, and special protective clothing used in industry. Butchers' woollen aprons cause a lot of trouble, but it is the clothing worn by rubber-industry workers that sets one of the biggest problems. When liquid rubber spills on clothing and is allowed to solidify it is almost impossible to remove.

"In a routine week," says Katharine Anderton, a fair-haired northerner of twenty-four who trained as a textile technologist before joining Harwood's team, "I usually handle collars, boiler-suits, articles made from new synthetic textiles and curtain fabrics."

Too Much Bleach Rots Clothes

The reaction of curtains to the wash produces many complaints. "Some curtain makers are still using a certain dye which, when light falls on it, eats away fabric," Harwood explains. "We find that in the folds, where light doesn't penetrate, there is no trouble. Elsewhere the fabric disintegrates and the first wash may finish it off."

According to laboratory findings, over-bleaching is the greatest single cause of laundry trouble. Gradually the bleach rots the clothes and the laundry wash carries them beyond breaking-point. To combat this, the association uses propaganda as well as science: it recently sent out more than 130,000 copies of a leaflet entitled *Scissors Are Quicker*, warning against misuse of bleach.

In addition, scores of "standards" have been published in a book called *Laundry Productivity* issued by the association in collaboration with the Institution of British Launderers.

As a basis for good laundry-work, it is laid down that not more than five grains of hypochlorite per gallon of water should be used for



Katharine Anderton ponders over mysterious holes in a freshly-laundered curtain. They may be caused by a dye which rots fabric when light falls on it

bleaching, one pound of fuel for every pound of laundry washed and only three quarters of a pound of soap for every hundred pounds of normal wash. Another recommendation has resulted in a cut of nearly one-third in the amount of soap used in some laundries.

"With soap at £89 a ton against £30 before the war," says Harwood, "this can mean all the difference between profit and loss."

No White-washing The Laundry

Harwood claims that when the launderer is at fault no attempt is made by the laboratory men to disguise the fact. Nearly one in four of the problem-pieces tested last year had been affected by the washing. Customers themselves were to blame for a fifth of the damage, and normal wear and tear caused the rest. To reach these conclusions, Harwood's team works with a scientific thoroughness that surprises visitors.

A small square is first cut away from a test-piece; in the case of curtains and bedspreads it is usual to take a section from a hem which has been opened up. Only a few threads of a small article are needed for the scientists' purposes. The fibre is identified, sometimes by the use of a special stain which develops into one of eight colours, according to the material. "We can get a reaction from a piece only a few thousandths of an inch long," says Katharine Anderton.

New washing agents are tried on dummy-loads of washing which are purposely soiled and then laundered twenty times in succession. If these tests are successful, the agent is used on normal loads collected by the full-scale laundry attached to the laboratory. A similar procedure is applied to new textiles sent for strength tests. Discoloured with the soiling agent, they are put through the wash twenty times. Then they are analysed for chemical damage and placed on a bursting machine, which shows if they have been weakened.

Woollen test-pieces carry a patch of blue fabric which turns khaki if too much soda is being used. They also have three lines of tiny red

spots sewn into them. The distances between the spots are measured, and after the material has been washed through ten times the spaces between the spots are measured again for shrinkage. Cotton items are washed twenty times and have a black sulphur-dyed patch which indicates the amount of bleach used in the wash.

Harwood's colleagues today put into operation a lot of ideas learned during the war, when they worked out special methods of washing parachute back-pads and the mattress covers used by airborne troops in practice drops. They also found ways of solving problems involved in the cleaning of ordnance workers' clothing impregnated daily with T.N.T. and other explosive compounds.

"Thousands of garments had to be replaced every month to protect the workers from dermatitis," recalls Harwood. To tackle this extravagant procedure, the Hendon team produced new washing techniques resulting in substantial economies. At one factory the monthly wastage of wool jackets fell from 4,257 to thirty-four in less than a year, wool trousers from 3,680 to twelve, and wool overalls from 3,435 to 168. According to estimates, the discovery saved the taxpayer between £2 and £3 million in the remaining war years.

When Gibraltar Faced A Siege

Another of the laboratory's wartime tasks was the designing of a special salt-water laundry for Gibraltar. "When it looked as if the Rock might be besieged," says Harwood, "we were asked to design a complete unit which washed more than 100,000 garments in sea water." They succeeded.

Since the war, the team has been conducting long-term research experiments, determining laundry standards which are sent to the thousand laundrymen members of the association all over Britain, and testing new fabrics. Some time ago, members embarked on a survey

of hospital laundries in western Scotland. Ninety hospitals were visited and changes were recommended that might save £54,000 annually. By installing new equipment at a cost of £100,000, says Harwood, a further £54,000 could be saved.

Research is also going on into the application of ultrasonics to laundry work. Cost is still the main obstacle to this form of soapless wash, but reports of the laboratory's work have aroused interest all over the world. "Even the Russians wrote to me about it," says Harwood.

Now and then, the Hendon scientists hit on an unplanned discovery. Two years ago one of the younger members of the staff noted a chemical reaction that had nothing to do with the experiment he had in hand. He followed it up, and others in the team joined in. The result is a new method of wool-washing with a synthetic detergent and a special acid on which final tests are now being made. If these succeed, launderers may soon have a new method which will decrease wool-shrinkage and another common snag, wool-yellowing.

Masked Men—And A Sealed Van

Domestic developments like this involve neither the close secrecy nor the occasional drama that characterized some of the Hendon team's war jobs. One dark winter's night a tightly sealed van drew up at the laboratory's unloading bay, and half a dozen men, including Harwood, emerged from the building, masked and swathed in special protective clothing. They carefully opened the van doors, carried off bundles of clothing and quickly dropped them into a massive circular container.

"After working through the night, we felt the clothes were safe to handle in the normal way," says Harwood. "They consisted of a complete set of Service and civilian outfits brought from the government's chemical research station on Salisbury Plain.

"Our job was to see if ordinary laundry equipment would decontaminate them properly. When we got them, every item was drenched in mustard gas."

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Little boy kidnapped

by **JOHN APPLEBY**

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

She was numb with shock. The voice on the phone, the demand for money. . . . Could this be happening to her?

THE SLATTED BLINDS tamed the North African sun and softened the room into green shadow, like a place under the sea. But the gloom did not blur the lines newly etched on Julia Shepherd's face.

Roger Firth, sitting opposite her, detached one corner of his mind from disaster. He had seen Mrs. Shepherd under the merciless lamps of a televised first night and he had seen her exposed to the harsh sunlight of the beach. The most critical scrutiny would not make her more than twenty-five. Yet two hours in an Algiers hotel room had transformed her into a woman of thirty-four, worn and frightened.

He wanted to get up and go to her, put his arm round her shoulder and say: "Look, it's going to be all right. I don't yet know how, but I promise it." Only that; but he would not do it. He, the boy's tutor, could share the lacerating anxiety, but he could not ease it.

She was calmer now. The striding up and down was over; she sat in silence, gripping the arm of her chair. He said once more: "They're bound to get in touch with us soon."

The telephone bell shrilled as he spoke. She was on her feet and over to the table in one



swooping movement. After a moment she turned to him and said hopelessly: "It's in French."

He took the receiver, his mind cold and alert.

The voice at the other end rapped out staccato sentences which did not permit interruption. Until finally:

"Entendu?"

"Entendu."

The line went dead. "Andrew is all right," he said. "We can believe that, because it is in their own interests to keep him safe. They will return him unharmed for a quarter of a million francs."

Privately he was surprised they had not asked for more. A quarter of a million francs was only £250; and they were trading with Mrs. Julia Shepherd. "A messenger is waiting to take me to him."

Her grey eyes widened in surprise. "You? I must go myself."

He said brusquely: "That isn't possible. With you in their hands as well, they could ask the earth." He lifted the phone.

"What are you doing?"

"You wouldn't let me call the police before. Now you've got to. We can carry out instructions and at the same time have the messenger trailed."

"No!" She snatched the phone from him. "I daren't take any risks with Andrew. He's such a little boy—only six. . . . Wait."

She ran into the bedroom, and while she was away Firth crossed to the bureau drawer. When she returned she said distractedly: "I haven't anything like that amount in cash. They'll change this business cheque downstairs if you tell them it's for an emergency."

As lightly as he could, he said: "Business, yes. An emergency, no. I'll be back before long—with Andrew. Meanwhile, you sit with Edna. Get her to make you some tea."

Edna Beevers, the solid girl from Lancashire, was still weeping in her own room. It was she who had broken the appalling news, racing back alone, panic-stricken and red-eyed. . . .

FIRTH stood on the broad marble steps of the hotel. The Rue d'Isly at noon was white and dusty. French girls in cotton frocks bobbed by and men in tropical suits plodded crossly, resenting the stream of blaring cars.

He screwed up his eyes and waited for the messenger to make himself known.

It was not a man but a woman, an Arab who squatted in the shade. She stood up and her dark eyes met his squarely before she set off without hurry.

Ten yards behind her, he passed the dazzling white cliff of the post office building and skirted the gardens which ran up from the road. He gazed at their incredibly green lawns as though to read something into them, as though some part of Andrew still lingered there.

Roger Firth saw very clearly how it had happened. Andrew would join in some game while Edna sat apart on a stone seat. At some point Andrew had found himself at the upper end of the gardens, and it was there that the man had spoken to him. Firth could see the little boy giving polite attention. There would be some mention of a change in the morning's plans: a question about Miss Beevers and a reassuring answer; and then he had stepped into the shabby little car idling outside the gate.

What a simple thing it was, Firth thought bleakly, to trade on childhood and innocence and trust.

Before he ever saw the boy he had been as familiar as the rest of the world with Julia Shepherd, the public figure, the widow who had taken over her husband's skein of industrial holdings with such astonishing success. When he

The waiting was unbearable. He could share her anxiety but do nothing to ease it. Again he told her, "They're bound to get in touch with us soon"



"Mr. Firth! Mr. Firth! Here I am!" Roger looked up. "Andrew!" he exclaimed. And then, trying desperately to keep his voice casual, he called to the boy: "I'll be with you in a moment"

answered her advertisement he was prepared for someone brisk and metallic, someone he would dislike.

That was not the way of it. She examined his credentials and did not comment on their inadequacy. Roger Firth, invalided out of an infantry regiment, had spent three years over a degree at Cambridge and that was all.

"Andrew is handicapped," she told him. "I don't mean he is club-footed or cretinous, but he lacks roots. I have obligations I can't dodge—to directors, shareholders, the government—and I must keep on the move. I could dump my son in a school, but I happen to love him deeply and I take him with me. He is old enough now to need a man's intelligence."

Whatever her test for Firth was, he passed it. He had a test of his own. He said deliberately: "I wondered whether you wanted someone to take him off your hands."

Unexpectedly she smiled: "See for yourself."

HE watched the spontaneous way in which the little boy hugged his mother, and the way he straightened his back and offered the stranger a firm, small hand. He talked readily and without pertness. His grey eyes were his mother's and the delicacy of his features made a soft miniature of hers, but the gleam of excitement was his own. Most of all, Firth liked the glow he sensed between mother and son, warm and vitalizing. He felt a pang, and with surprise he recognized it as envy.

From London to New York, from New York to Paris, from Paris to Milan. The boy accepted everything, absorbed much of it, and obeyed

cheerfully. With misgiving Roger Firth discovered that his attitude towards Andrew was taking on something more than the formal friendship of a tutor. With actual alarm he recognized that his feeling for Julia Shepherd was on the same personal plane. I am a teacher, he reminded himself savagely, an army throw-out, and much too wise to dream foolishness; and she is sufficient to herself. . . .

UNTIL today. The Arab woman continued at her unvarying pace and went steadily east. Just ahead was the end of the boulevard, and beyond reared the hump of the native quarter.

French law, he assumed, ran just as much in the Casbah as elsewhere, though the threads might be a little looser. Walking behind his guide, he recalled the only previous visit. Under a full moon and elbowed by a talkative guide, he had found that the Casbah conformed pleasingly with his tourist's notion of it; figures that melted into darkness, off-tone music in the distance, a flicker of firelight from shops like open caverns.

But now, in the arid sunlight, the domes and turrets and ornate stairways which his imagination had carved in the night were revealed as flat walls, flaking whitewash, boarded windows. Men in dirty rags lounged in doorways or squatted where an alley broadened into a tiny square. At the edge of a street market, a gang of children picked over a heap of vegetable muck. The stalls of sticky sweets and the yellow sides of horsemeat were black with flies.

The man who called himself Léon held out a

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Frank Berryman lays out red carpets for the Queen

by KEITH ELLIS

His aim is a trouble-free Royal tour, and that means everything from censoring speeches to seeing that the Queen isn't airsick



SYDNEY.

SOME MONTHS AGO, Lieutenant-General Frank Berryman, who is organizing the Queen's tour of Australia, asked his air adviser, Wing-Commander Bruce Courtenay, to fly a Royal Australian Air Force Dakota over the ten thousand-mile air routes along which the Queen will fly. He also asked him to land at every aerodrome to be used by the Queen and satisfy himself that arrangements were dignified and workable.

At Dubbo, a small market town in central New South Wales, Courtenay found that plans had been made for the Queen to be received in the centre of the airfield. "Whichever way she landed," he points out, "would have involved a certain amount of taxi-ing, which not only wastes time but on a hot day makes it uncomfortable for those in the plane."

Courtenay knew that in early February, when the Queen will visit Dubbo, the prevailing wind is south-west. This means that the plane will land from the north and finish its run at the south end of the main runway. "I suggested to them that a reception area at the south end would be more convenient," he says, "and the townspeople agreed. The Queen will now be received with the minimum of fuss."

Since he first visited Windsor in April, 1953, to discuss the programme with the Queen, Lieutenant-General Frank Horton Berryman has set his officers to work on the minutest details to ensure the success of the Royal tour. At fifty-nine, he has an agile mind and a boyish manner. His greying black hair is brushed neatly across his squarish head and his face is lit with lively eyes. Behind him, he has a brilliant wartime record both as a planner and as a commander, with a taste for personally leading his men into battle.

Berryman has made a reputation as an organizer of major civil functions. Besides being director-general of Australia's 1951 jubilee celebrations and of the cancelled Royal tours of 1949 and 1952, he has been G.O.C. of Australia's Eastern Command, and organized three thousand soldiers to dig coal in the 1949 strike.

Fleet Of Cars Organized

In her fifty-seven days in Australia, the Queen will travel 14,450 miles, visiting farms, mines, vineyards, factories and sports events from centres as far apart as Sydney on the east coast and Perth on the west, Cairns in Northern Queensland and Albany in southern Western Australia.

Apart from planning the eight hundred miles that the Queen and the Duke will travel by Royal train, Berryman will organize the transport to enable them to fulfil their minute-by-minute programme. Besides the Queen and Duke, about forty members of their staff and a hundred journalists have to be boarded, lodged and carried. For the 2,500 miles the Queen is scheduled to travel by road, the Australian Army has raised a special unit called the Royal Visit Car Company to operate 115 cars.

To guard against hitches, Berryman has had saluting bases checked, measured and surveyed; reception areas have been paced out; and three army captains have driven along the road that the Queen will cover, arranging for garages, petrol and spare parts.

Last June, Berryman's naval adviser, Commander Bill Cook, visited Townsville, one of the north-east coast ports which the Queen is scheduled to visit for an hour on March 12. Though she will fly to Townsville, she will leave

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Lieutenant-General Berryman attends a Sydney food and health exhibition. He is known as a stickler for correctness—but is no martinet



"The land belongs to us!" the old man thundered, "and not to any damned Englishman!" Stopford felt Lisette's hand on his, restraining him

THE GOLDEN FOOL

by DAVID DIVINE

They were provoking Stopford to a quarrel—and then they would kill him. Lisette saw that. She knew that she must handle this

STOPFORD HAD SEEN nothing like it before: a Boer *nagmaal*, an open-air Christmas feast, earthy and primitive. He had been brought to it by the family of Lisette Lemaire, the girl he loved. From miles around, the ox-wagons had come; and now, after the sermons and hymns, there was dancing by the camp fires.

Anthony Stopford had come out from England to prospect for gold—and he had struck it near the Lemaire's farm. There, Jacques Lemaire, Lisette's father, had found him dying, poisoned by wild herbs. He had carried him back to the farm and saved his life.

To Stopford, gold meant progress, development. To old Lemaire, it meant sheer disaster

—the end of the peaceful, healthy life the Boers had led for generations. The secret must never leak out. The Englishman must be kept there for a few months, so that he could see for himself how good life could be—without gold.

As he recovered, Stopford began to see the Boers' viewpoint. He made himself useful by building a dam to bring water to the cattle. Lemaire and Andries, his elder son, were grateful: the farm was their whole life. They lived by barter, and had little use for money.

But Jonathan, the rebellious younger boy, had commercial ambitions. He wanted a huge dam that would irrigate the whole area for

tobacco-growing: there was money in tobacco.

Stopford knew it was an honour to be invited to the *nagmaal*, for the English were not popular in the Transvaal. As Lisette, pretty and fair haired, swept him into the dance, he felt an intense happiness. That night he told her that he loved her.

PART 3

Jonathan's Vision

IT had taken three weeks for the dam to fill, but it spread now in a celadon shimmer from the bottom of the *erf*, or quadrangle, flooding up to the lowest thorn trees and leaving only a narrow path below the *harlebeesthuis*, where

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Stopford slept, on the one side and the wagon sheds on the other.

Stopford was finishing a wall that would run out into the water far enough to prevent beasts straying into the *erf*, so that the place would be an enclosure, would have a privacy.

Jonathan came to him, walking across the wall of the dam. He held, with an elaborate casualness, a tobacco seedling in his hand. "In three days they will be ready for transplanting," he announced.

He held the delicate green plant up by the tips of the leaves in an assumption of disdain, but Stopford could see that he was excited, tense inside himself.

MUCH to Stopford's surprise, Lemaire had consented almost without consideration to Jonathan's demand for space to grow tobacco. It had taken him a long time to realize that to Lemaire tobacco was another crop and nothing more—a thing to use, a thing that the community needed. If the younger boy chose to work tobacco it was his own choice. In a little while they would marry, both of them, Andries and Jonathan, and the farm would have to develop to support three families.

The alternative was for one of the boys to leave, to go north and find new land, but Lemaire had had enough of the patriarchal habit of the community to wish for the other solution. If Jonathan could be satisfied with this, many problems would be solved.

Would he be satisfied? Stopford looked at him speculatively as he talked. There would be enough seedlings to plant out three-quarters of the two-acre patch to which the water of the

dam could be led. The boy was seeing visions far beyond two acres.

Stopford knew that he had spent almost the whole of the period at the *nagmaal* examining and cross-examining, picking the brains of the Malans, François and his father. He talked curing and the selection of leaf, and fermenting and a host of small, obscure technicalities; and in his more communicative moments he talked of sheds built for the drying of the leaf and for the storing—seeing visions, dreaming dreams.

But were they dreams? Always with Jonathan there was a hard edge to his imaginings, a practical brusqueness. While he worked, the boy talked. Did Stopford think they could build a wall strong enough to contain the river's violence in the rains? Was there enough rock that was easy to get at, easy to haul?

Somehow Stopford had acquired a reputation as a builder of dams on the strength of this one work that stretched from his feet across the shallow valley. He looked fondly over the pleasant water as he remembered how man after man at the *nagmaal* had come asking his advice and suggestions, and how he had realized that Lemaire had explained him away to the community blandly as a builder of dams and how he had been accepted at that valuation.

It was the recognized custom of the time and the place to use itinerant experts. Had not Pretorius himself employed two Englishmen to build his new house on the Crocodile River?

Straightening his back to take the ache out of the muscles, Stopford looked at the boy and, breaking into the flow, demanded suddenly: "Jonathan, how much do you think all this is going to cost?"

"Four hundred to five hundred pounds." The boy named with an apparent nonchalance a sum that was a fortune in that country.

"And where," asked Stopford dryly, "is five hundred pounds coming from?"

Jonathan shrugged his shoulders stubbornly, almost with a hint of anger.

They heard Lisette calling from the *stoep* and Jonathan said, almost boyishly for once: "Eat! Come on, eat!" and they began to walk up through the fruit trees.

Halfway up the *erf*, Jonathan asked: "Is it true, what François Malan told me at the valley—that the *Volksraad* has offered a reward of five thousand pounds for a gold-mine?"

Stopford looked at him with a quick constriction of the heart. "For a *successful* mine," he said slowly. "They will not pay until it is proved. Before it can be proved there would be need for much money, much more than five thousand pounds. Why do you ask?"

"Just that François Malan said so."

"Did you tell him . . . ?"

"I am not a child," Jonathan interrupted roughly, "to open my mouth."

Stopford felt a wave of relief.

LEMAIRE and Stopford were riding down the parched grass beside the wagon-tracks. Though the heat of midday was over, the sun still fell on the dry earth with a force that had in it almost the quality of sound. The veld ahead of them broke into little rippling sheets of blue where the refraction of the dust-laden air picked up the reflection of the sky. The horses were sweating, even though they moved very slowly. Lemaire was in no hurry. He had proposed to reach the farm of the de Wits a little before the evening meal, and that was early enough.

They talked occasionally, but there were long silences. Stopford broke one of them to ask: "What do you think of Jonathan's tobacco?"

"I think that the drought will kill it," answered Lemaire equably. "In a week he will

He caught her hands. "You shouldn't have come," he said. Lisette whispered urgently: "You must wake well before dawn. They are coming for you"



Lemaire reined in his horse. He turned slowly

not be able to draw off any more water from the dam. You made the sill too high."

Stopford looked at him curiously. "Did you know that when I was doing it?"

"Yes. I want the water for the cattle."

Stopford shook his head. "It will break his heart," he said, and as he spoke he wondered if he would ever fathom all this man's intentions.

"A little heartbreak is an excellent thing for the young," said Lemaire with a remote, but humorous, didactic air.

Again Stopford wondered if there were anything concealed in his words, if there were not in them some warning to himself with regard to Lisette, but Lemaire made no attempt to develop the statement.

Stopford said at length: "He'll take it out of me." Lemaire only laughed.

Stopford went back to his opening question and broadened it. "Do you think there's anything in it apart from this crop?"

"There could be. In a good year it would grow, but I think we have too much wind up here on the shoulder of the Witwatersrand. I



in the saddle. "I think, Jonathan, that you are lying," he said. "If you betray this gold, even though you are my son I will shoot you myself"

am told that it does not like wind. I have never grown it myself."

"It does sell?"

Lemaire shrugged his shoulders. "What would I spend the money on?"

"I don't understand you, *Oubaus*," Stopford was using now the name by which the farm knew him. "I suppose I can't understand any man who doesn't want things. All the men I have known have wanted money, houses, clothes, women—something!"

As the horses plodded slowly on, Lemaire said: "You were brought up in a revolution. All England is in a ferment—it has been for a hundred years—the revolution of the machine. It makes men want things."

"Your people want a new town," said Stopford defensively.

"You confuse the issue with your own ideas of a town. When you think of a town you think of Birmingham. After tomorrow night, when you think of a town, think of Potchefstroom—you will see what I mean. The difference between Potchefstroom and Birmingham or perhaps

London is this—that I am going into Potchefstroom now on legal business." Stopford's head turned slightly. "No, it is nothing to do with the gold. It is a matter of the title to my farm. There was something wrong with the documents and it is necessary that I should go into Potchefstroom to straighten it out. It will take perhaps an hour with the *Landdrost*, old Lombard."

"I don't see what difference that shows."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lemaire. "It is easy enough. If I had to go to Birmingham or to London to straighten out the title to my farm it would take a week with the law, but that is only one side of it. If the question of the title to your farm outside Birmingham had arisen, your father would have gone in at once, in two days or perhaps three—he would have had to go. Now the *Landdrost* raised this question of mine six years ago."

"And this is the first time . . . ?"

"The first time I have been into Potchefstroom since then? Oh, no! I have been in often, but there was no hurry. We may not settle it even now, but we shall drink a deal of coffee with old Lombard. But when you have big towns your

officials have to be big with them." He suddenly dropped the faint air of badinage and, looking directly at Stopford, said: "Anthony, when man becomes too complicated he becomes something less than human, not something more. The longer you live with us the more you will see that." There was a quiet moment and then he added, "I hope."

THE wide Kerkstraat at Potchefstroom was two miles long. In the centre of the town there were wagons drawn up at its sides, the yokes empty, the spans out grazing on the town lands. There were a few horses at hitching posts and a cart or two and a light horse-wagonette, and three men walked slowly at the side of the street. Otherwise there was no one in view, save that under the shade of the wagons Hottentots and Kaffirs sat in little murmuring groups.

The hundred houses of the town were spread over the two miles. They stood for the most part well back from the dusty road. Pepper trees grew round them and an occasional gum, and three of them had oleanders in bloom close

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Limbering up at Putney. Tony Fox spends nearly all his spare time on the river. Sculling, he says, is like gliding—"almost like being a giant

Tony Fox, wildest sculler on the river

by DON EVERITT

Some experts brand him as clumsy and slovenly. But Tony Fox prefers his own tactics—and usually wins

SOON AFTER THE START of the final of the coveted Diamond Sculls at the 1951 Henley Regatta, Tony Fox, a comparatively unknown Cambridge University entrant, clumsily ran into one of the wooden booms flanking the course. Larsen, his Danish opponent, who already had a length lead, immediately took his chance and sprinted away at thirty-four strokes a minute. Experts on the bank at once decided that Fox was destined to remain "unknown."

Unperturbed, the Cambridge man sculled steadily after the Dane—at only twenty-five strokes a minute. Astonished spectators watched him in silence. He seemed to be throwing the race away. A minute later, a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd. Fox was creeping up on Larsen, who was slowing; he had lost his rhythm and his arms were stiff.

A quarter of a mile from the post, Fox, going at the same steady pace, overtook the floundering Dane and went on to win.

A tall, affable, twenty-three year old medical

student, Tony Fox attributes this major sculling success, the first of many, to his confidence in himself. "Larsen burned himself out trying to get an invincible lead. If I had panicked after my mistake, and gone tearing after him, I would have done the same thing."

Fox's unorthodox and seemingly casual style has brought him endless criticism since he entered the top rank of amateur sculling three years ago. According to the stylists, he cannot scull at all: they say he is constantly off balance, and his action is all wrong. Others criticize his slow rate of striking. A former world professional sculling champion, Ernest Barry, says: "Fox is not what I call a sculler. He is slovenly in his methods."

But Fox retorts: "It looks very pretty to sit level in the boat and cut the blades of the oars high through the air, but the object of sculling is to move the boat along rapidly. I happen to go at my fastest with the boat very slightly on

one side, the oars skimming back along the top of the water, and with a slower, more powerful stroke than normal.

"People ask why I don't strike faster and win more convincingly if I can win at twenty-five to twenty-eight strokes a minute. But I sprint by increasing the power, not the number of the strokes. I couldn't strike faster. I'd be jiggered in no time."

A more effective answer to the critics lies in Fox's record. In 1951, his first year in national sculling, he was second in the European championship at Macon, France; he won the quarter-mile Vesta Dashes at Putney, and the British triple crown—the one-mile London Cup, also raced at Putney, the one and a quarter mile Diamond Sculls, and the Wingfield Sculls, raced over the four and a half mile Boat Race course.

Though, to quote Fox himself, 1952 was "a complete personal fiasco," both at home and at the Olympic Games, he was back in form last year and has regained the British triple crown.

Fox has demonstrated his supreme confidence on other occasions since he first won the Diamonds. In one heat of the Wingfield Sculls he took things easily until the first bend in the river. After the first minute, he was more than three lengths behind the leader. "But I had much more stamina left. That first stretch of water was rough. He had battered through it. I took my time till I reached the smoother water, then overtook him quite comfortably."

Beneath Fox's deceptively casual exterior lies a calculating brain. Before a race he closely studies the course, the wind, the water and the opponents. He knows that tricks cannot win races—but he also knows that they can help.

Underneath The Arches...

Once, Fox and an opponent approached their respective arches of a bridge bow to bow. Going under the bridge, Fox increased the power of his strokes. Coming out he had a two-length lead. Several times since, Fox has further proved his theory that many scullers tend to relax slightly under bridges. At least one of his opponents has said: "Fox in name, and fox in deed."

Tony Fox feels that his slower rate of striking has a certain psychological value. At Liège, a Belgian sculler caught Fox off guard in the middle of a race and, with a short burst

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY



in seven-league boots"

With boatman Tom Phelps, himself an expert sculler, Fox inspects oars

of sprinting, gained a telling lead. When they met later at Henley, Fox suspected that his opponent would try the trick again. He did. Fox at once sprinted in his unusual style, putting more into his strokes. The Belgian grew puzzled. He was striking much faster than Fox, but was not drawing away. Suddenly he began to flag. Fox, actually easing off now, took the lead, and won easily.

The incident supported another Fox theory: that a sculler must keep cool as well as confident. "If he gets anxious, he saps his energy."

Lives At The Rowing Club

Close friends of Tony Fox know that his casual, unruffled attitude on the water covers a passion for sculling which borders on fanaticism. Living at the London Rowing Club at Putney, he spends most of his spare daylight hours in his boat. He talks lyrically of the aesthetic pleasure in moving his twenty-seven foot, twenty-five pound boat across the water.

"The sensation is like gliding or skating on top of the water. There is the thrill of moving powerfully with an economy of effort. With each stroke you take smooth, thirty-five foot strides along the water, almost like a giant in seven-league boots."

In profile in his 690 boat, Fox himself certainly looks impressive. With machine-like precision he moves forward on the sliding seat, slips the blades cleanly into the water, springs back on to the sculls with most of his 178 pounds, glides momentarily, and goes into action again. So great is the energy thrown into the spring of the feet that one man, says Fox, broke a nine-foot oar, shot six feet into the bows, and cracked the bottom of the boat.

Constantly, Fox strives to perfect the timing of his strokes. As part of his training, he does a lot of double-skippping, which requires similar precision.

He does not always scull as smoothly and serenely as he would wish. The busy Thames has many hazards. Two weeks after he received his Olympic boat, he was on the river when a sudden jolt stopped the boat dead and broke its backbone. Fox turned and saw a hunk of wood floating away behind him.

It was at practice on the Thames that Fox saw a big private motor launch coming full throttle towards him. He moved quickly to

avoid it, but the launch still steered straight at him. There appeared to be a party taking place on board. Just as a collision seemed likely, the launch turned, sending a heavy wash towards Fox's craft. The cockpit of the boat filled with water. Fox was drenched, but the watertight stern and bows of the boat kept it afloat.

Thomas Anthony Fox has been falling into, and occasionally out of, small boats ever since he was a boy. He first handled a pair of oars in a dinghy around the shores of his island home, Guernsey. When he went to Cambridge in 1946 he at once sought a recreation that would keep him fit. A love of water took him down to the river; an individualistic personality attracted him to sculling. "I preferred to perfect a technique of my own, rather than accept the dogmas of the rowing eights and fours."

At first, however, he had the guidance of the Pembroke College boatman, an expert sculler. Through 1947, Fox trained in a rumtum, which is about twenty-five inches wide and heavier than a sculling boat. He feels that this is the ideal entry to sculling. "Novices are generally paralysed by the fact that they are practically sitting in the water. When they learn that falling out holds no horrors, they lose their stiffness."

Lone Wolf Policy Pays

From the rumtum, Fox graduated to a one-foot wide fine sculling boat. Also known as a bestboat, a funny, or, more aptly, a toothpick, the sculling boat follows no standard design, but is built to minimize wave formation and friction.

In his new boat, Fox now trained alone. "What good can a coach really do? He's on the bank. You're in the boat. He can correct basic faults, but not the more important, finer points." He soon proved that his policy paid. Besides quick successes at Cambridge, he won the junior sculls in the 1948 Bedford Regatta.

Fox feels that he will go on sculling all his life. By 1956, he should have qualified as a doctor, but he hopes still to have the time and the class to be invited to represent Britain at the Melbourne Olympics.

Marriage, he stresses, will not obstruct his pastime. "The man who rows in eights and fours has to decide whether to obey his club captain or his wife, but the sculler is a lone wolf and can easily nip on to the river for a quiet half-hour."

THE END

STARTING IN JOHN BULL
NEXT WEEK

*A Commando's story of the
final assault on Hitler's
Fortress of Europe*

RAMPS DOWN!

by Murdoch McDougall



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A GAMBLE WITH DEATH

Continued from page 9

new man now. He was going to drive. He was going to win.

He kissed his wife, and then he climbed into the car and settled himself in the cockpit. He looked back at Anne, and saw MacPhee beside her, his hand on her arm. He waved, and turned to the wheel.

He coasted slowly up to the starting grid. The four Italian cars were already there in the front row. He saw Carossi turn round and stare at him, trying to make out his face behind the goggles. Raynham stuck his thumb up, and the Italian grinned as he turned away.

The start. Raynham drummed his fingers nervously on the wheel as he watched the flag poised in the still air. The moment it dropped he instinctively let in the clutch. The cars moved off with a deafening snarl. The acrid tang of exhaust smoke hung in his nostrils until it was swept away by the ever-increasing blast of cool air about his face.

The cars swung into the corner. Raynham braked frantically to avoid two moving across his path. Tyres squealed, engines snarled as the drivers pulled away to accelerate into the straight.

The four Italians were well in the lead. And Raynham had done badly on that corner. Three cars had overtaken him. The field was beginning to spread out, and when he flashed past the pits at the end of the first circuit he was at least two hundred yards behind Carossi.

Lap after lap mounted without his being able to improve his position. The cars continued to spread out, the Italians pulling even farther away.

RAYNHAM was sickened by his own timidity. It was he that was losing the race, not the car. The Raynham Special had the power to beat any in the race. He knew he had to get a grip on himself. He tensed his whole body, gripped the wheel tightly, and settled more squarely into his seat.

The next corner wasn't nearly so

bad. Gradually, he began to feel his confidence returning. He began to feel tense in a new way—tense and alert.

He was approaching the pits, and as he passed he saw MacPhee frantically waving the "faster" board at him. He waved an acknowledgment and pressed his foot down as far as it would go. The car leaped forward and passed the one in front just before it reached the corner. He took the corner faster than he had ever done before, and now he wasn't afraid.

The old, familiar sense of frenzied enjoyment was returning, and with it the urge to drive faster still. He pushed the car hard, and in the next two laps passed everyone between him and the Italians. The four red Italian cars were moving with a magical precision. He could see Carossi some distance ahead of the others and about two hundred yards from him.

He followed the other Italians closely until he reached the straight again. Then, as soon as he was clear of the corner, he put his foot right down, hard. The car leaped forward once more, all its latent power released for the first time. He passed the three Italians slowly. They bent lower over their wheels to challenge him, but gradually they slipped back. Three laps later, Raynham found himself only a few yards behind Carossi.

The duel began. Carossi accelerated

to a fiendish speed, and took corners with increasing violence. He tried every trick he knew, but Raynham clung tenaciously behind him. Exultantly, he saw that the Italian's easy confidence was beginning to disappear.

Carossi was cornering faster than ever, and on each straight the pitch of his engine seemed to climb higher. Raynham was holding his own, but that was not enough. The Italian showed no signs of tiring.

As he hurtled down the straight once more, he realized Carossi would not be beaten by sheer speed. He saw the straw bales at the next corner racing towards him, and saw his chance at the same time. The Italian braked. Raynham sped on and braked a second later. The car swerved dangerously. He felt a sudden, vicious pain in his head. The track, the spectators, the straw bales disappeared into a blur. Then slowly it cleared. The car steadied. And he was ahead of Carossi. Only a few yards, but ahead.

Now it was Raynham's turn to set the pace, and the Italian's to cling on.

Grimly, Raynham set himself to open the gap between them. And slowly the five years of hard work that had gone into the car began to pay off. At each corner the distance increased until Carossi was thirty yards behind.

And then, suddenly, the red car had

disappeared. Raynham didn't see it again until he had completed another lap. Then, flashing past the pits, he saw it there at a standstill, a neat plume of smoke rising from the bonnet.

Raynham laughed out loud and continued to keep his pace. The engine in front of him continued its steady howl. It seemed that all the cares and anxieties of the past weeks were being swept away by the wind that was freezing his cheeks. The smell and heat of the car were like a tonic to him. And he was covering the laps now with astonishing ease.

Then he saw MacPhee holding up a board with "1 min. 58 secs." on it. He waved to acknowledge. He saw the chequered flag. The race was over.

Reaction set in as he rolled into the pits. He felt weak and sick. People came cheering and surged round him to congratulate him, and all he wanted to do was find Anne and get home.

Then she had kissed him, and was holding tightly to his arm as they made their way through the crowd.

They got away as soon as they could, and went over to where Anne had left the car.

"Shall I drive, darling?" Anne said. "I should think you've had enough for one day."

"Enough for a lifetime," Raynham said. THE END



LITTLE BOY KIDNAPPED

Continued from page 15

battered blue packet and Firth clicked his lighter for both of them. The room was Moorish in the low table and scattered cushions, French in the heavy sideboard and ornate photograph frames. The two styles reflected the owner. The Moorish aspect of Léon was his dark pitted skin and the curiously pale eyes. A Berber, Firth guessed. For the rest he might have been a shopkeeper from Marseilles, in a tight suit of a horrible chocolate colour and a striped shirt without a tie.

Firth said in French: "I take it you are an amateur in this line of business. Otherwise you would not expect us to have a quarter of a million francs at a moment's notice."

"But you have them."

Firth recognized the incisive tone he had heard on the telephone. He said, "Tell me about the boy."

Léon spread his hands. "He is well and happy. He has eaten, and now he is playing with my own son."

"Where is he?"

"Not far away."

"Show me."

Léon registered distress. "I have the heart of a woman. Suppose I let you join him and then you decide not to pay? How could I bear to tear you apart? First you pay."

Firth pondered. Then: "Very well."

The money lay on the table between them, bound by a rubber band. Without removing it, Léon flicked through the big five-thousand-franc notes, folded the wad and stuffed it into the breast pocket of his jacket.

"Come with me."

They brushed through a bead curtain into the blinding sun. Léon led the way, twisting from one alley to another. Firth's thoughts swung back

to Julia Shepherd, numb with anxiety as she waited in a dim hotel room. He tried to project his mind over the distance between them, saying silently: not long now.

Above his head a voice piped: "Mr. Firth! Mr. Firth! Here I am! They told me you would be here soon."

"Andrew!"

The boy was leaning excitedly on the sill of a first-floor window.

"I'll be with you in a moment." He was pleased to find his own voice so casual.

Upstairs, the boy was at the door to meet him, slightly grubby but no worse. He smiled that warm smile which made Firth's heart catch in his throat; the smile of Julia Shepherd when she had said, "See for yourself."

"This is Selim," the little boy said. "He speaks a bit of English and he has been teaching me to play draughts, but it's awfully difficult."

LÉON's son was a lad of twelve with stick-like limbs. He held a dirty handkerchief to his mouth and took it away to smile uneasily.

Léon said, "As you see, I keep my bargain."

"Are we staying, Mr. Firth?"

"No, we are leaving right away."

Andrew held out his hand. "Then I'll say goodbye, Monsieur Léon. Goodbye, Selim." At the door he paused. "Oh, and thank you for having me."

Roger Firth surveyed the situation with military precision and found cold pleasure in it. He was done with taking orders now. His left arm was round the boy who was between the two men and the door. From his jacket pocket Firth took the gun he had abstracted from the bureau. It was small, blunt and gleaming.

He said to the boy: "Léon and I are old friends and we play jokes on

each other." And in French: "Keep still."

Andrew was enraptured. "I've never seen a gun as good as this. What does it fire?"

He eased the boy to one side and stood clear of the door. Selim's eyes were wide with fright, but Léon's features were set in wood. He said, "This was something I did not expect—an Englishman who teaches babies their A B C, and armed."

Firth's eyes hardened. "Your breast pocket. Don't touch any of the others." From the look of the tight suit Léon was not armed, but he took no chances. "Now throw me the money at my feet—gently."

Without removing his eyes from the man, Firth stooped and groped for the notes. When he straightened he kept his tone light, for the sake of Andrew. "You will do exactly as I say. I am putting the gun back in my pocket, but my finger will be on the trigger." And in English, "Monsieur Léon is coming with us, and he is bringing Selim."

The incisive note was gone. Léon spoke with a kind of appealing despair. "I obey you completely. But Selim—he is a child, he is sick. It was for him that I..."

"Down the stairs, both of you." Sick or not, the boy was still capable of rousing the six friends in the café.

In the alley, Firth ordered them to walk side by side and kept three paces behind, his left arm still round Andrew's shoulder.

Andrew said, "Selim ought not to be out in the sun. He's ill, you know. To get better he ought to go to the Atlas Mountains, but Léon hasn't very much money. Would it cost a great deal for Selim to go to the Atlas Mountains?"

"About a quarter of a million francs," Firth said. So that was it.

They were almost at the colonnades

which flanked the quay. Firth called a halt and removed his hand from the gun in his pocket.

He said slowly, "Because you did not harm the boy I shall not take you to the police."

"He would not have been harmed. Even if you had not come. I, too, have a son." Léon spoke with sombre dignity. "There are times when a man becomes desperate, and a desperate man does foolish things." His mouth twisted into a stiff smile. "It is late to do so, but I should like you to convey my regrets to madame."

Firth said gravely, "She shall hear them. Selim, come here."

He dipped in his pocket again. Selim looked in bewilderment at the wad of notes he thrust into his dirty hand.

"Get well in the Atlas Mountains." Firth's voice was gruff.

IT was evening before he saw Julia Shepherd alone. Until then he had no place with mother and son, from the wordless moment when she held the boy from her, searching his face, until he went drowsily to bed.

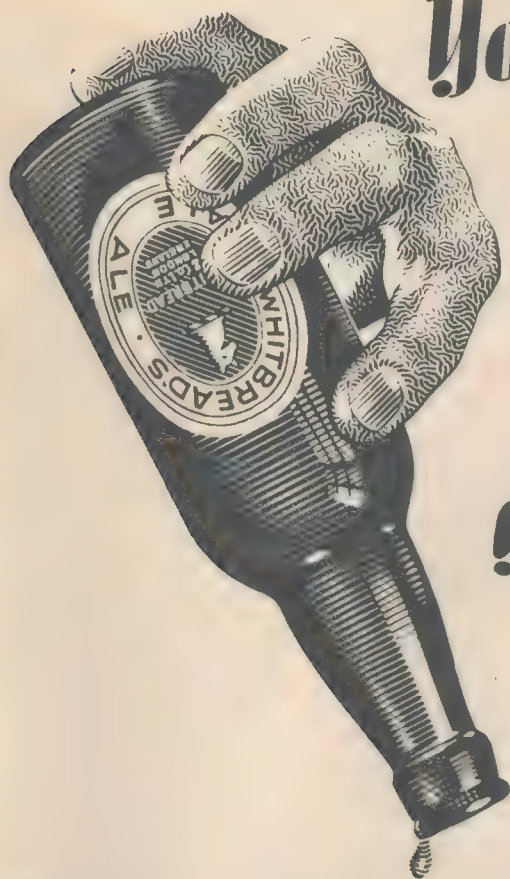
Across the dinner table she said unsteadily, "The worst part about seeing him again was trying to remain casual."

"I know."

"He had no notion at all of what happened. Do you know what thrilled him most? The ride back in the horse cab." Her hand reached across the table, curiously timid, and touched his. "Without you, Roger..."

He pressed her fingers in his for a moment, and then withdrew them. He could not make any move which leaned on her gratitude. Not now, not just yet.

But when gratitude was done with, something rich and enduring would remain. He was sure of it, and it gave him a deep sense of peace. THE END



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FRANK BERRYMAN LAYS OUT RED CARPETS FOR THE QUEEN

Continued from page 16

in the Gothic and, since Townsville is not an all-weather port for large ships, the Australian destroyer Anzac will ferry her from the pier to the liner. To check the arrangements for berthing, Anzac's captain, Captain J. S. Mesley, accompanied Cook.

After investigating the local system of line-throwing and arranging with the harbour-master to keep the harbour clear of small ships, Cook and Mesley turned their attention to the tides. They calculated that at 4.4 p.m., when the Queen is due to embark, the deck of the Anzac would be exactly seven feet above the level of the pier.

"The gangway is only sixteen feet long," says Cook, "so the slope would have been pretty steep. Besides, Her Majesty will want to wave, not steady herself on the handrails. We've arranged for a seven-foot platform to be built on the pier so that when she's said her farewells, she'll be able to walk across to the Anzac on the level. It will be more comfortable for her, and much more dignified."

One Free Day A Week

Whenever the Queen embarks or disembarks, whether by ship or plane, she will always be last aboard and first off. As one staff officer explained: "It would be a dreadful anti-climax if a large crowd were waiting to cheer, and a porter suddenly appeared trundling his trolley along the red carpet."

It is regarded as characteristic that Berryman has made the Royal tour as comfortable as possible for the Queen. "I told each state that during the time she was with them she was to have at least one free day a week," he says. "On each of the other days she was to have a morning, afternoon or evening free of official engagements. There are exceptions, but the general principle has been adhered to."

One of Berryman's main worries is the heavy flying programme to which the Queen has agreed. As Courtenay says: "It's bound to impose a strain. Wherever she arrives, the Queen is expected to be looking fit and well, ready for a full day's work. It would be no use our delivering her on time if she's feeling sick and muzzy."

To prevent the Queen getting airsick, Courtenay has taken extraordinary precautions. "In Australia," he explains, "turbulence is caused by different ground colours reflecting the heat at different rates and, especially in Tasmania, by the rugged nature of the terrain. Most of the turbulence comes in the long, slow climb after take-off and in the long, slow descent before landing."

The 150 miles which the Queen is scheduled to fly from Hobart to Tasmania are almost invariably bumpy. Since there is no turbulence over the sea, Courtenay has arranged for the Royal aircraft to fly out to sea on take-off and to turn back over land only when it has gained sufficient height to be above the turbulence.

Except for a single trip in a Sky-master, the Queen will fly in Qantas Constellations on her long journeys, Trans-Australia Airlines Convoirs on her medium-length journeys and an R.A.A.F. Dakota on the shorter trips.

"The Dakota is ideal for landing on some of the smaller country airfields," says Courtenay, "but it's relatively slow, unpressurized, and has a low carrying capacity. An hour and a half is as long as we should like the Queen to travel in a Dakota."

Plane Under Guard

The plane in which the Queen will fly has been carefully tuned and examined, and kept under constant guard.

"One newspaper said we called it 'Glamour Puss,'" says Courtenay. "That's untrue. We discourage the frivolous approach." Nevertheless, the Royal plane is fitted with every navigational and electronic aid known to the R.A.A.F., as well as a special device for controlling the temperature

Consider your verdict

by
RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

PORTER Jackson's day at the little wayside station began at 7 a.m. one winter morning. It snowed heavily before he arrived, and he found the wooden platforms covered. Jackson at once began to scatter sand and salt from buckets. Although the station was small it was on the main line, and early morning was a rush hour. One of Porter Jackson's duties was to close the ticket barrier when a certain number of people had come on to the platform, for a stretch of it was roped off for repairs, and overcrowding would be dangerous.

Jackson had not finished his salting and sanding when the 7.45 drew in, and he had to rush to the barrier to allow more people on to the platform. Off the train stepped Mr. London.

Shivering in the cold, Mr. London made straight for the waiting-room. But on the way he walked on the part of the platform which had not been treated with salt and sand. He slipped and injured his back.

In court, Mr. London sued the Railway Executive for damages, claiming that it had broken its

obligations under the contract to transport him. "The railway has a duty to take reasonable care to see that platforms are reasonably safe for my use," he argued. "I am not blaming the porter—I think it was silly to have only one man on duty—but if the railway does not fulfil its contracts properly, it must pay for consequent injury."

The railway representative agreed that the Executive had a duty to keep platforms reasonably safe. But the porter had

begun to treat the snow as soon as it had stopped falling: his duty to look after the general safety of the platform, and of the passengers, had prevented him from finishing the job before Mr. London had his accident.

"We are sorry for Mr. London," added the railway spokesman, "but we feel that reasonable care was taken, and cannot accept responsibility."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 26



when the plane is on the ground. It is divided into two compartments separated by a combined changing-room, powder-room and shower. In the forward compartment, the Queen and the Duke will sit with an equerry and a lady-in-waiting. Four seats at the back will be reserved for other members of the Household or V.I.P.s.

"I've insisted on a private compartment for the Queen in the civil aircraft, too," says Courtenay. "Every day is tough for her. When she gets into the plane, I visualize her kicking off her shoes and saying, 'Thank goodness for that'—or whatever Royalty does say in such circumstances."

The fleet of cars has been specially prepared. Every car in which the Queen will travel has an air-cooling system and a radio telephone linking it with the other cars.

Major Ralph Sutton, Berryman's transport officer, is responsible for organizing a washing and dry-cleaning service in every place visited by the Queen. He also has to plan the transport of the party's baggage. For a visit to a centre lasting two or three weeks, the Queen will have half a ton of personal luggage, the Duke six and a half hundredweight.

After transport, Berryman's main responsibility is to guide the states on Royal procedure. Although Berryman, as director-general of the tour, is appointed by the Commonwealth Cabinet, he would not normally have power over the states, which claim sovereign rights—and guard those rights jealously.

For the Queen's visit, however, he is in a strong position. The Palace will accept advice only from the Commonwealth, and communications from the states to the Queen must pass through Berryman's office. Also, once the Queen accepts advice on procedure from the Commonwealth Minister, the procedure automatically becomes the Queen's

wish and as such always over-rides the wishes of the individual states.

Berryman is a stickler for correctness but is no martinet. On a hot day, he is likely to receive a visitor beltless and tieless.

This flexibility is apparent in the preparations for the Royal tour. The Duke's dress will be determined partly by protocol, partly by local custom and partly by common sense. "For investitures and his arrivals in state capitals, he will wear No. 1 Naval dress," says Lieutenant-Colonel Ian Hunter, Berryman's executive officer. "For garden parties, he will follow local custom."

Lounge Suit At Races

At all functions, there will be a balance between the ideal and the practical. When he visits Melbourne races, the Duke will wear top hat and morning coat because his next function is a tennis match, for which he can easily change into a short black jacket.

Following his attendance at Sydney races, however, is a surf life-saving display at Bondi. "He can't possibly go to that in morning dress or even in a black jacket," says Hunter, "so he'll go to the races in a lounge suit and leave that on."

This commonsense attitude characterizes all the arrangements for the tour. The naval vessels chosen to escort the Gothic in Australian waters are not necessarily the most suitable, but the ones most easily available in view of Australia's heavy commitments in Korea. The Gothic herself will carry cargo.

"There are two reasons for that," says Commander Cook, "and they have no order of priority. One is that the Queen will have a more comfortable journey in a ship with cargo. The other is that the revenue from the freight will cut costs."

One of Berryman's trickier responsibilities is acting as official censor of

anything touching Royalty during the tour. All the speeches of welcome to be delivered to the Queen by local dignitaries are inspected by Berryman's secretary, Alan Kenny, to see that they contain nothing controversial. "If they did," says Kenny, "it would bring opprobrium on the Royal Family."

From the moment the tour programme was announced, there have been bitter complaints from several communities left out of the Queen's itinerary. A businessman from Manly, a residential suburb of Sydney which recently bought the heraldic set-piece which decorated Whitehall during the Coronation, sent a telegram to the Queen aboard the Gothic: IT IS THE HOPE OF THE HUMBLE CITIZENS OF MANLY THAT YOUR MAJESTY WILL WISH TO SEE AGAIN THIS MAGNIFICENT ADORNMENT IN MANLY.

Berryman bears such worries lightly. "He is clear-sighted," says Hunter, "and does not sway to the wind."

Australians consider that the only blemish on the tour arrangements is one completely outside Berryman's control. "The Australian constitution requires that a general election be held not later than June, 1954," explains one political commentator. "Menzies didn't think it right that the Queen should be here during the election or the election campaign. That meant the Queen had to be out of the country by the end of March."

Unfortunately, February and March are the worst months for seeing Australia. "It should be fine in Tasmania," says an Australian meteorologist, "but for the Royal visit, Sydney will be at its most humid, Queensland will be wet, and when the Queen goes to Western Australia, she will find it parched like a desert."

"We're sorry she won't see Australia at its best, but we're glad she's coming—and we're sure Frank Berryman will look after her well."

THE END

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AFRICAN FURY

Continued from page 11

stopped and asked what they should do. I told them to follow the lion, and if we were fortunate enough to get him we would come back after his mate.

For about an hour we followed the lion, with the spoor getting fresher all the time. The trackers were becoming more and more cautious and sticking closer to our jeep, and the girls were tense with excitement. This was to be Brian's lion: he had not shot one before.

Suddenly the lion broke cover, ran about fifty yards ahead of us and then stopped, looking at us defiantly. The natives had vanished, and we were alone. He was a fine specimen, about three years old, and golden-maned. Brian's bullet struck him on the point of the shoulder, going right through his heart. He jumped about four feet into the air, let out a terrific roar, and dropped dead.

Brian wanted to return to camp and open a bottle of champagne to celebrate the killing of his first lion, but I said no, we would celebrate when we had shot the lioness, too. We soon picked up her spoor and followed it to the edge of a rather dense bush. I was quite sure that she had gone through the bush and out the other side, but just to make certain I climbed out of the jeep, called one of the trackers to come with me, and walked into the bush.

Saw Lion Cubs Hiding

The boy and I had walked about fifteen yards when in a hoarse whisper he said, "Baas, look!"—and pointed to a grassy patch under a thorn tree, about five yards from where we were standing.

Lying under the tree, with their ears flat on their heads and their paws over their faces, were two lion cubs. Their attitude conveyed to me that the mother had said to them, "There is danger about. Lie still until I return."

I rushed forward and grabbed them by the loose skin behind their necks. They started to squeal, and I knew if the mother heard them crying she would come through that bush like a hurricane. I rushed for the jeep as quickly as I could with a lion cub in each hand. As I got up to it, I heard a roar and the boy shouted, "Baas—she comes!"

I threw the cubs into the jeep and grabbed my rifle out of Thelma's hands, where she had been holding it ready for such a moment. The lioness came charging to within twenty-five yards of me, then stopped for a second. The next instant she was dead, with a bullet through her brave heart. At that moment I felt very proud, but now, as I write this story, I feel ashamed and regretful.

We took the cubs back to camp and built a special enclosure for them, and fed them on minced meat and milk from the natives' cattle. Then we took them home and they became the pets of all the children in the neighbourhood. Thelma and Brian kept them for some time, and became very attached to them.

Too Ashamed To Look

One day, shortly after this, I was approached by an American who was in Africa making a travel film. He had heard I had two lion cubs, and he wanted to buy them and take them back to New York. Thelma cried when the American took them away; she had become so attached to them that it took her a long time to get over her sorrow at losing them. . . .

All this I was to remember with a startling vividness when I stood before the cage in Rochester Zoo. And as I stood, in spirit far away from the crowds with popcorn and chewing-gum and comic papers, the two caged lions saw me for the first time. I felt too ashamed to look them back in the eye. . . .

My method of hunting lion from a jeep began during another hunt that I made in the Kalahari Desert with Brian and my taxidermist friend, Bob Ivy. The natives in this particular area were pleased to hear that we were



"Never mind about wrapping them up, Miss Brown"

after lion because some of them had lost donkeys to them. But although we knew there were lions a-plenty, they took some finding.

For several days we tramped after their spoor, but always they eluded us. Then we would pick up a fresh spoor and follow that all day, returning to camp late at night, tired and unsuccessful. It was no fun walking fifteen to twenty miles a day in the heavy sand and burning heat.

Refused To Give Up

On the sixth night, after we had trailed a lion all day without success, we returned to camp worn out and disappointed. "I think we'll go home tomorrow," said Bob. "I've had enough of this lion-hunting."

"Yes, I think that's a good idea," agreed Brian. "I'm with you."

I didn't say anything for a moment. I pulled at my pipe a few times, then I remarked, "Well, I hope you fellows have a good trip back."

"What do you mean?" asked Bob. "I'm not going home tomorrow,"

I replied. "I'm staying here, and I'm going to try to get that lion. You fellows take most of the bulky stuff back with you in the truck, and leave me some fresh water and enough petrol. I'm going after that lion from the jeep, because I've come to the conclusion that it's the only way to hunt them in this country. I'll stay until I bag that lion—maybe a week, maybe more."

The next morning they were on their way home. I stayed in the camp that day, washing dirty clothes and loafing about. As I sat by the fire that night, I heard lions roaring in the direction of Khama Pan. I called to the natives who were sitting around their own fire.

"Very early tomorrow," I said, "we'll go in that direction and see if we can find fresh spoor. If we do, then I'll drive the jeep behind you while you're spooring. One boy will stay with me and watch for the lion. When he sees it, he will tell me and I'll drive after it."

That is really how we started the method of hunting lion from a jeep—a method that is now very popular in the Kalahari Desert.

Next morning, after about two hours of stalking, the lion broke cover some sixty yards to my left. I revved the

engine in pursuit, and the natives scattered like scared rabbits, each one climbing a tree.

The boy in the jeep with me hung on for dear life, because we were going as fast as possible over rough and rugged country. Gradually we gained on the lion, who was running ahead of us, his long black mane waving in the wind. I chased him for nearly half a mile, until I was only twenty yards behind him.

The boy began to panic. "Please, sir, you are too close. The lion will kill us. Please, sir," he begged.

I laughed and said, "Hold tight." I did not want to miss the lion after all this trouble.

He stopped, as though he had applied four-paw brakes, and turned facing the jeep. What a magnificent animal! What a picture of power and strength as he stood there with his fangs bared and his mane waving in the wind, his legs coiled like steel springs under him!

Dropped Like A Rock

I pulled the jeep to a sudden stop and jumped out, rifle in hand. As my feet touched the ground the lion snarled—and came at us like a stone from a catapult. I shot him on the bridge of the nose and bits of bone from the roof of his mouth tore through the flesh of his cheek. He dropped like a rock. . . .

Many people have asked me why I should call both my film and my book *African Fury*. My dictionary defines the word "fury" as "fierce passion, wild anger, rage," which is the normal condition of nature all over the world.

Nature is in a perpetual wild

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 24, the judge also sympathized with Mr. London, but pointed out that it would be an intolerable burden for the railway to make every platform absolutely safe after every fall of snow. Mr. London lost because, in the court's view, the railway had taken reasonable care to ensure passengers' safety. (This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.)

passion, a rage to live and reproduce. The larger animals prey on the smaller; and all wage a long war against the elements for survival—a war that ends only with death. As my book and my film are concerned with Africa and this fury for survival, it seemed to me that *African Fury* was the ideal title.

In the jungle there is some kind of divine equilibrium that rules and decrees which animals shall increase and multiply, and which shall die out altogether. The hunter has also a part to play in this cosmic plan. In civilizing Africa, and in stopping the tribal wars and feuds that, terrible though they were, at least kept down the numbers of various tribes to totals that their particular area could support, governments have upset the balance of nature's machine.

For instance, in days gone by, the men of the Masai tribe, all great warriors and hunters, would fight lions with their spears, and no young fellow was adjudged a man until he had killed a lion in personal combat. This killing of the lions was essential, because otherwise the lions would kill their livestock and terrorize their villages. They had literally the choice of killing or being killed.

An Affair Of Honour

So that there would always be enough young men willing to undertake this task of lion-fighting, and willing to risk the fearful injuries that such contests often meant, the elders of the tribe wisely made the fights affairs of honour which lusty men would long to tackle, so that their reputation with their fellows and their women would be high.

The government has for long forbidden these terrible contests, and with the best of intentions. Nature, though, is no respecter of intentions, and the marauding lions would have quickly driven the Masai tribes out of their lands if the hunters had not taken their part.

Today white hunters keep down the number of lions in the area, doing more quickly and less painfully what the old warriors used to do for themselves. Man upset the balance of nature; and so man had to restore it again, and the hunter and the gun were the instruments of the restoration.

A true hunter is a naturalist, a lover of the wilds, who gives as much as he takes. He gives a gift that sometimes he has to pay for with his life. When taking, he demands a strong heart, a sharp eye, quick reflexes and a natural reaction to circumstances.

In my film, *African Fury*, I tried to convey something of all this, as well as a glimpse of the age-old struggle of the survival of the fittest. The battle for existence between man and man, man and animal, animal and animal, and insect and insect.

There is nothing soft about Mother Nature. She made the beasts of the forest, each in their own estate, and if a beast cannot measure up against the yardstick of its task, then its fellows take a hand.

When they are driven from the herd, they are driven out for good. There is no return, no reconciliation, no second chance. And no pity.

In The Secret Places

As I have already explained, the good hunter does not go after the beasts that travel in herd or pack—unless, as in the case of elephants and leopards, they are endangering human life and property. The good hunter seeks the outcasts, the animals in exile, which will eventually die a terrible death in the secret places of the forest.

Consider the case of the lion, for no lion ever dies a natural death. He can die by the hunter's bullet, which is a quick and merciful way out; or by the teeth and claws of his enemies, which is not.

While he lives and has his strength he is followed by fawning hyenas. He does not let them approach him while he eats; he hates and despises them, and they resent his contempt, and when the lion is old or ill or wounded, they close in for their kill. They eat anything, these loathsome creatures, yet it has often struck me that of all

A

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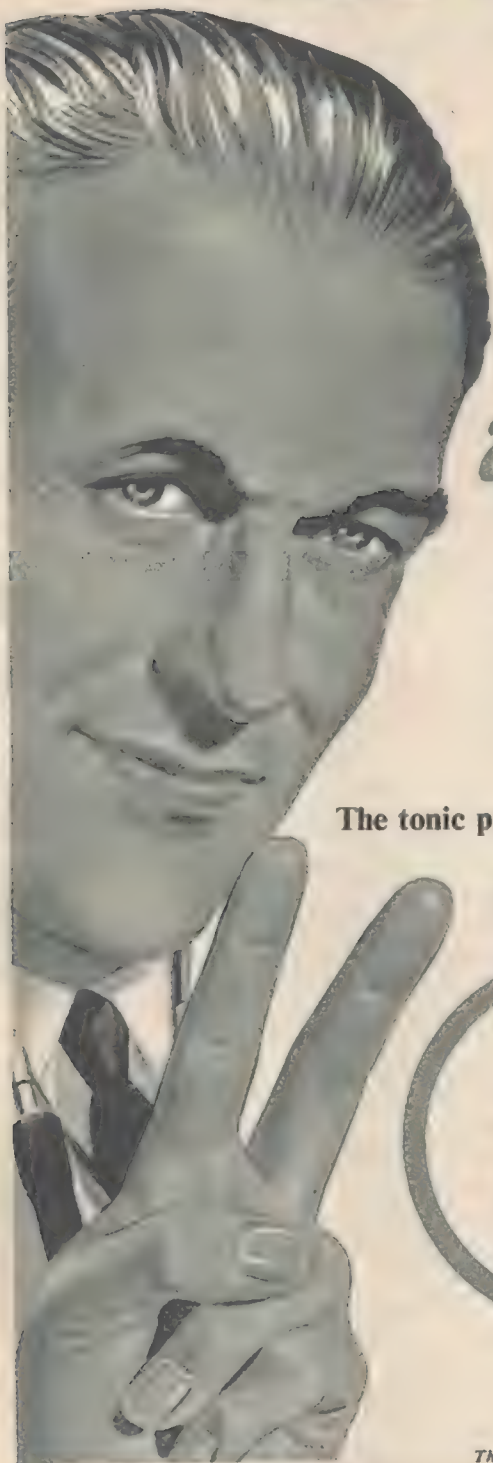
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other meat they prefer the flesh of the king of beasts.

How does the elephant die?

Sometimes driven out by the herd, and rogue by reason of pain from wounds or disease, he seeks the water which has kept him cool and refreshed for so long. And as his hundred years close on him he dies, perhaps where he drank, majestic and alone. The corpse blows up with air and suppuration and explodes in a mass of filthy putrescence, sodden flesh and maggots.

Then the little termites eat his feet and the soft vulnerable tip of his trunk; the envious porcupines creep out and nibble at his mighty tusks, till they reduce the ivory to small, round nubs, no longer than their own bristles. Thus are the mighty fallen, and they that were high brought low.

No beast dies in peace. Vultures, crows, kitehawks, a hundred other birds and carrion-eating beasts wait impatiently for him to die, and sometimes do not even wait. The vultures will flutter in and gouge their fish-hook beaks into the victim's eyes, or rend his genitals where the flesh is softest and the danger greatest.

There is no avoiding these professional callers. Sometimes an animal crawls into the bushes, seeking to die alone beneath their kindly shade. But the ants, the little horny beetles and bugs, all know what the beast is about and they make a trail to him, to suck the flesh and dwell amid the body. Better by far than this agony of death-in-life, the quick, clean, painless end of the hunter's bullet in the brain.

Python Round Neck

So many films on Africa give a wrong, distorted view of my country. My film is a plain, simple story of what happens to lions and leopards and elephants when they have caused trouble among the natives. All the excitement and thrills are authentic. All the amazing animal fights were real, although they took months of waiting and watching to film. The production grew naturally out of many hunting experiences in many parts of Africa; a film giving my true life in the bush as I have known and enjoyed it.

In making the film we had some lucky escapes. Once, a ten-foot python dropped out of a tree and twisted itself round the neck of one of the bearers, almost throttling him before I could reach him and kill it. If John Kennard, my photographer, had not been thirty yards behind us we would never have screened the shot.

On another occasion, a huge, black-maned lion came charging straight at us. I waited until he was within five yards before I shot him between the eyes, and John managed to take a perfect picture from the time the lion charged until he dropped at my feet.

Equally, we ruined some shots that would have been superb. Once a lioness leaped straight out of a bush at us. She came so close to me before I fired that John thought something had gone wrong with my rifle and stopped his camera, not wanting to film what he thought would be my awful end. The result was that he did not get the actual shooting of the lioness, but caught her a split second after I had shot, as she took a complete somersault and a half when my bullet hit her.

Again, we waited for days to take a

picture of an eagle making a kill. We were well rewarded by a perfect shot of an eagle dropping out of the sky and snatching a rabbit—almost from under the nose of an astonished African who was hiding behind a rock, hunting the same rabbit.

Another time, we were travelling through Southern Rhodesia, where the shooting of rhino is prohibited. Two rhino were spotted in a bush about a hundred yards away from us.

"Now you get your camera set up," I said to John. "I'm going to walk up to these chaps and see if they will charge me. If they do, you just keep that camera rolling. Don't stop under any circumstances."

"Okay, boss," said John—his favourite way of addressing me.

Ears Were Twitching

I told the two boys to stick close to my left, and made a quick calculation. If the two rhino charged when I was within twenty yards of them, I would be able to reach a tree I had my eye on before they got me.

I began to walk slowly up to them. I held my pipe in my hand and kept tapping it against my gun-stock. The rhino were now facing us, with their super-sensitive ears nervously twitching in the direction of the slightest sound. They would run round us in an arc, and then smartly turn and face us, their ears twitching at the sound of the grass softly rubbing against my trousers as I walked. I kept on tapping my pipe against the gun-stock.

The boys were now nervously looking towards the tree. We were coming closer and closer to the beasts, and the tree seemed to be retreating farther and farther away. The rhino now could not only hear us and scent us, I think they could also vaguely see us. Their eyes are weak and they cannot define a stationary object that is more than twenty or thirty yards away.

They snorted once or twice and began to run round each other. Suddenly one put its head down and, snorting like a winded horse, came straight at us. The boys let out a yell and ran for the tree. All three of us reached it just before the rhino came thundering past. He ran round in a semi-circle and rejoined his mate, and they both disappeared into the bush.

Left Lens Cap On

I turned round to Kennard, who was about sixty yards away shooting with a telephoto lens, and shouted excitedly: "Did you get that, John?"

"Ja, boss. Every bit of it!"

Boy, that was going to make a picture, I thought as I walked back to him. The natives came behind me, chattering and laughing and saying: "Ow, the baas will not live long if he do things like that."

I took one look at the camera and nearly fainted. I must have looked terrible, because John said: "What's wrong, boss?"

"The lens, man! Look, you've left the lens cap on!"

Poor old John! He felt as terrible as I did—only in a different way. I had twisted my ankle rather badly, and sat on the grass rubbing it, and at the same time calling John all the names I could think of.

"The only thing to do," I decided at last, "is to try to entice those two



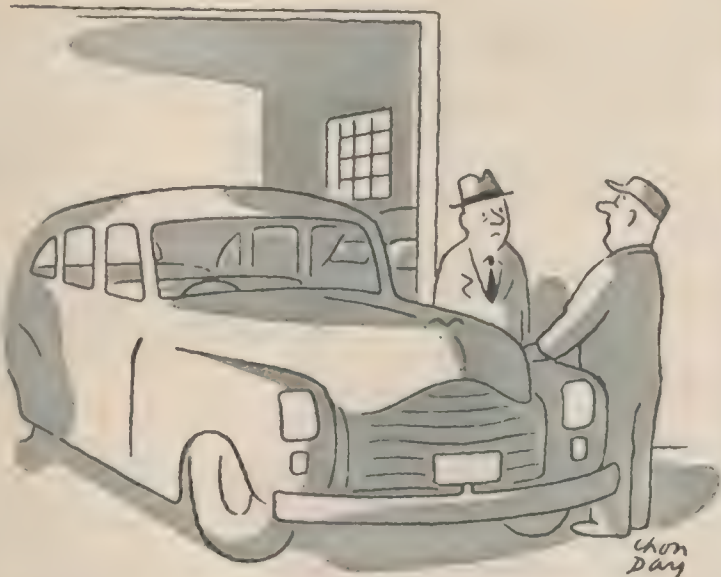
In John Bull
Next Week

JAMES MAXWELL

The most travelled man
in the travel business

by JOHN HARMAN

Y'S GARAGE



"The best I've been able to do is make it a little easier to push"

beauties into the open again and persuade them to repeat their charge, and this time see that everything is okay."

It took quite a lot of persuasion to induce the boys to come with me for the second time, and the only way I finally swayed them was with the assurance that this time I was really going to kill the rhino. I particularly wanted to have the boys in the sequence, because they had been in most of the other action pictures with me. Also, they were company.

I walked for quite a long way into the bush before I saw the two rhino again. I started the same technique with my pipe. They would make short charges towards us, and then stop. The boys were now on the point of running away at the slightest move the rhino made. Gradually I got the beasts out into the open, where John would be able to make good shots with his telephoto lens. I took a quick glance at him to see if all was well; he waved back reassuringly, and I continued with the tapping.

The rhino were now really getting mad; they started running round one another again, all the while coming closer and closer to us. They would make false charges and set us off in the direction of the tree, which was farther away than ever. By now they were right out of the bush, and I was so close I could clearly see the chafings between the folds of their armour-like skin. Their tiny eyes looked fierce.

Chased Up A Tree

Then, unexpectedly, they got our wind and came thundering towards us. We ran for the tree as fast as our legs would take us. I had completely forgotten about my injured ankle.

I heard the thundering hooves and the snorting getting dangerously near. The boys were well ahead of me, and were up in a tree in one leap. I reached another tree just a few seconds before the rhino suddenly decided to give up the chase, and turned round and trotted back into the acacia bush.

Laughing, I walked up to Kennard. "I'm damned if I'm going to do that again, John," I told him. "Those pictures had better be good."

He grinned. "They will be," he said confidently. "Hell, boss, I thought they'd got you that time. I would have hated to take a picture of you impaled on one of those horns."

The natives didn't think it was a joking matter at all, but soon they relaxed and started making faces and childish antics in the direction in which the rhino had disappeared. The pictures turned out very well. . . .

Eight years is said to be the average

life of the hunter who goes on regular safaris; eight years, the age of my youngest daughter. Then his luck changes, or he loses his nerve, or he miscalculates, and he has made his last safari. I have been a hunter for sixteen years, twice the span that some call good, and I have often been told that I am living on borrowed time.

I used to laugh at this, for I knew my own strength and my guns and my Africa; but sometimes I have thought that my day was waning, for though I am still young, my reactions are perhaps just that fraction slower than they were. The beasts, though—they are as young and as fierce as ever. Only the hunters grow old.

I have lain awake at night by the camp-fire watching the stars thick-sewn in the friendly sky, and wondered whether it was not time to retire, to choose some easier, safer calling.

A Hunter's Farewell

All this passed through my mind before I left my home for Europe and America, for I felt the time for decision had come. Should I go on as before, or turn my energies to some other, gentler path? On the deck of the ship that first night at sea, alone and muffled against the wind, I looked out at the fast dwindling coastline of Africa, and I wondered again, and suddenly it seemed that my answer was there for me.

My years as a hunter had taught me much; I had played a part in the taming of the bush, a small part, if you like, but a part. Surely I had something to teach the younger men; not least the virtues of patience and resilience which I have learned so hardly in the rough class of experience?

I knew then that for me there could be no turning back into easier paths; I could never give up the life I had lived. Some day, maybe, on some far, sun-baked veld, we might meet for the last time, the hunter and the hunted; but that time was not yet. I had no cause for gloom; I was only a victim of the melancholy that grips a man leaving his country for the first time.

And if there was sadness then, alone on the deck under the stars, there would be no sadness on my journey home. For no matter how good the times might be that lay ahead, I would always come back with thankfulness to Africa—my Africa. And this would be the best safari of them all, for the hunter's heart is ever where the baobab and mopani grow; and the greatest safari he ever makes is to his home beyond the hills. THE END

"African Fury" will be published as a book on March 22 by Michael Joseph Ltd., at 18s.

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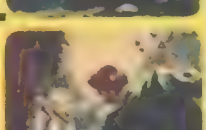
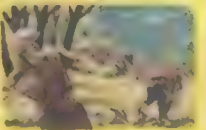
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J.7/30.1.54

THE GOLDEN FOOL

Continued from page 19

to the road and a bush of moonflowers. The heat and silence were complete. It was like no other town that Stopford had seen.

Lemaire turned in at a gap in a cactus hedge that served for a gateway. They were still short of the three shops and the church that were the town's centre.

All through the afternoon they drank coffee on the stoep of Lemaire's cousin, Hendrik Cloete. In some curious way the news of the arrival of a stranger passed through the town. Men came and sat for an hour, for two hours.

When the afternoon gathering had thinned they spoke English, for Cloete, like Lemaire himself, had come up from the Cape. The translations of the afternoon had not carried Stopford far enough. He asked now: "Do they object to me as an Englishman?"

It was Cloete who answered the question. "They do not object to you at all. They wait. If you fall in with our ways we will accept you. If you remain neutral we will disregard you. If you are hostile you will become our enemy. That is fair, isn't it?"

Stopford agreed that it was.

"You are not alone," Cloete went on. "Pretorius, who was our leader, hired two Englishmen last year to build his new house, Skinner and Devereau. They went through all this, too."

"And now?"

"Nobody notices that they are English."

"Have I to give up being English, then? Can't I live here as an Englishman?"

"No," replied Cloete very slowly, "I don't think you can."

"Why not? The Oubas here could live well enough in England."

"England," rejoined Cloete dryly, "has not escaped from the Dutch!"

Lemaire, who had been silent all the latter part of the afternoon, said: "I hear that Skinner is likely to marry the daughter of Martinus van der Walt."

Stopford turned towards him very quickly, but made no comment. Cloete seemed to read no significance into the words, but his wife, sitting far back against the wall of the house, flickered her eyes instantly to Stopford and intercepted the turning of his head.

THE plants were scorched and brown, wilting in the rows. They were too young for picking. The three days of hot wind from the south had finished the work that the lack of water had begun. Behind them on the dam the level was eight inches below the lip of the spillway to the irrigation channel. The wood of the heavy gate that they had made for it was dry and impotent. Between them, the rate of evaporation and the thirsty cattle had defeated the stream, and the defeat of the stream was the defeat of Jonathan.

Lisette said slowly: "He's very angry. He went off long before breakfast this morning. I heard him go. I think he's up on the *vand* somewhere. He goes there when he's angry."

"He is angry with me," said Stopford ruefully, "but I didn't make the drought."

"You made the spillway," she said, not accusingly but explanatorily. "Father says that you made it in the right place, but Jonathan says that three days more of water would have made the plants strong enough to stand even the wind. I think he is mostly angry with God—and Andries for laughing at him. But you are a stranger."

"Still?"

"Not to me," she answered softly, "not ever, I think, to me. What are we going to do, Tooni?"

He looked down at her gently. "Wait. Tomorrow is another day—*more is nog 'n dag*." He repeated the quotation in the Taal.

Lisette looked up at him, laughing. "If only you could hear your accent!" she said.

"Ah! What do accents matter? I am learning. Your father has taught me that that is the first thing to learn



"Daddy says he doesn't like little boys on Sunday morning until after eight o'clock"

on the High Veld: tomorrow is another day."

Stopford looked at her with a sudden pity. Then he went on: "You are very young, too young to love an Englishman and a stranger and a man who threatens your home."

"You are an Englishman, but you are not a stranger—and for the rest, what you do I do."

"Even to—" he hesitated for a moment—"threatening this?"

They were quite silent together for a long minute while a little flight of birds, encouraged by their stillness, flew past and settled beyond them under the dam where the earth was soft and wet.

Then she said: "If that seems best to you when you have had time to think, but I hope..."

He asked wonderingly: "Where do you get your courage, Lisette?"

"Oh, courage—that is nothing! Do you think the women who came on the trek could have come without courage? I think it is part of us from our mothers. There's nothing in that." With a little shiver she turned round. "I can't look at that any longer. Let us go back to the willows."

There was no anger in Jonathan's face. Stopford was concerned to note that, rather than relieved. And there was no anger in the boy's voice either when he spoke.

"I have been looking down on the river from the top of the *hrantz*," he said evenly. "There's still plenty of water in it."

Stopford decided to force the pace a little. "I'm sorry about the tobacco, but if the sill was even three inches lower the dam would hardly be worth while now."

The boy dismissed the explanation with a shrug. "A *morgen* is nothing. I wanted to see if it would grow and

it will. It doesn't matter losing this—we couldn't plant enough tobacco anywhere except in the valley of the river."

"You know what your father says about the cost of that!"

Jonathan looked at him stubbornly.

"I have been thinking over it again. We could get gold enough out of the place that you found to pay for it."

"Good God!" Stopford felt a quiver like the shock from a galvanic battery course down his spine. "You must be mad! You know what your father and your brother think of this. Besides..."

To his amazement he was breathing quickly, his heart thudding as if he had just run a race or as if he had just climbed the last steepness of a mountain.

"I think," said Jonathan with a cold evenness of tone, "that you cannot let gold lie in idleness."

"Besides," Stopford's words came tumbling again, "if you build your dam you would flood the outcrops. It's absurd! It can't be done."

"It needn't flood the outcrops until we had got enough gold out to pay for the work, I think." For the first time Jonathan's voice was faintly hesitant. "We could use the stone for the dam."

It was plain to Stopford that Jonathan had thought deeply into this, that he had planned each move. It was plain also that he thought he was talking to one who would be on his side, to an ally.

STOPFORD contained himself. When he spoke it was with an almost patient curtness. "You don't know what you are talking about! You can't get gold out of conglomerate like this. You need plant. You need stamps. You would have to raise tons of it for—" he searched for something with

which to emphasize his explanation, "tons for a sovereign. How could you do that?"

"We could do it." Jonathan's voice for the first time had a little flush of anger.

"Against your father?"

"We could make him understand," the boy said.

"You would have to declare it, to register it. You couldn't hide it. You can't imagine the scale of things." Stopford's voice was angry in its turn. "You haven't the experience on which to base your imagination. You're a boy. You know nothing! You would have to register the discovery and the claims at Potchefstroom, and at once you would have others here—other prospectors, miners, everything that follows with it. You couldn't stop it."

Stopford was fired now with something of the same spiritual anger as Lemaire himself.

"Where would you grow your tobacco?" he demanded. "Once it started you would lose all this valley. The thing is absurd. You're a fool, Jonathan."

The anger had disappeared from the boy's voice when he replied. It was replaced by a coldness that had in it something of the cold shock of steel. "With the five thousand pounds of the reward alone we could buy three farms in the Magaliesberg where we know that the tobacco grows," he said.

"Good God!" said Stopford again.

ONLY the flicker of an ear betrayed it. The shot was difficult. The two roan cows were clear enough but the bull, until its ear had moved, was hidden and masked in the shelter of the thorn. It was very far away, too far for certainty, but Stopford raised the heavy gun. Jonathan and Andries, some yards behind, watched him with care.

Through his taut nerves he could feel the impatience of Jonathan behind him, but he disregarded it. He was sure of the range now. An opening in the branches of the thorn showed the flanks of the beast just at the spot behind the shoulder that he needed. He squeezed the trigger steadily and, as the gun went off, looked fixedly through the black powder smoke.

The cows wheeled and vanished—for a long moment there was no sign of anything at all where the bull stood. Then suddenly the branches of the bush gave and the roan antelope came out in a single convulsive movement and, even as it came, collapsed.

Jonathan went past without a word, but Andries came up to him and said: "That was a good shot, Anthony!"

"For an Englishman," added Stopford with a touch of bitterness.

A gibe of Jonathan's on the stoep was the basis of this hunt. Jonathan had declared sweepingly and with a touch of savageness that the English could not shoot. Lemaire had said with some acidity: "They shot well enough at Boomplaats," and then Jonathan had launched into a general tirade against the English, following it up with a challenge to Anthony.

Andries said now: "It was a pretty shot. It's all of a hundred and eighty yards and there was not much to see of it."

Stopford said awkwardly: "The gun is good."

It was Andries's own gun, and the elder brother beamed.

They went back together towards Jonathan and the fallen roan, and the younger boy muttered with a faint disparagement: "Poor horns."

Andries answered irritably: "There's one Englishman who can shoot, anyway." But Jonathan only smiled scornfully.

They flayed and cut up the beast and loaded the meat on the spare horse, Andries working quickly and deftly.

Jonathan rode ahead on some ploy of his own. He was almost always by himself now. He had done little on the farm since the death of the tobacco plants. Sometimes he was away for two or three days at a time. Stopford was never at ease with him nor were the other people of the house. He was

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irritable always, nervous and full of scorn—an unrelenting companion.

With Andries, Stopford grew daily closer. He had an immense admiration for the elder son's character, for his quietness and his determination, his absolute steadfastness; and an equal admiration for his knowledge of the veld and of his beasts and of the Kaffirs and the Hottentots who worked for him. He was much older than a young man of twenty-one would have been in England, thought Stopford. He felt that Andries was on a level with him in everything that made up his ordinary life. Above all, he felt a sympathy with him, an understanding, as if from their widely different viewpoints they saw life in the same terms.

Now, as they rode, Andries said tolerantly: "What nonsense is he off to? I don't think he's finished with this tobacco business yet, but you can't tell with him." Stopford looked at him curiously, but Andries only added quaintly: "He's very young still."

They had been hunting in a patch of bush inside the shoulder beyond the river, a deep indentation that held thickets of thorn and long stretches of park-like *bontveld*. From the bush to the fringe of willows and acacias at the banks of the river, there was a mile of open grassland. Now they dipped towards the drift that they used commonly, a mile below the camp where Pirbright, his fellow prospector, had died.

When they came out of the belt of bush on the farther side, Stopford almost unconsciously turned his horse's head towards the steep slope of the hills. Andries followed him without question and they rode in silence for a while, the lead horse jogging behind. Three minutes later Stopford reined in his horse beside the low slope of an outcrop. It was the last of the points at which he and Pirbright had taken samples.

He looked down now at the rock and at once saw a new scar on its surface. It was small—another man would have missed it—but he had studied these rocks, feeling them with his hands. He knew them as intimately as a lover knows a woman's face. Andries was watching him, but Stopford made no comment. Instead he threw the rein of the spare horse over and said: "Take him, Andries! I'm going to have a look at them."

Automatically, Andries said: "There have been no strangers here. The boys watch now."

Stopford shrugged his shoulders. "I still like to have a look at them. I'll be back in an hour, perhaps less."

HE rode off alone along the line of the outcrops and at the second slab there was a fragment broken off and a new scar showing in the noon light. Someone had been methodically to each of the points of the outcrop and had tested them. Yet all through the valley there was no sign of camp, no sign of man, and the baboons snarled angrily as he went towards the eastern-most of the outcrops.

He came back to the farm, puzzled, and sought Lemaire.

Lemaire was smoking on the *stoep* in the shadow of the mimosa. He greeted Stopford cheerfully. "Andries says there was only one shot and that was a good one. Aholibamah is going to make *biltong*." Aholibamah was the Hottentot housekeeper.

Stopford grunted in acknowledgment and said directly: "Someone has been in the river *kloof*."

"Kaffirs?" asked Lemaire.

"Would Kaffirs take a sample from each of the outcrops?" Lemaire shook his head very slowly.

"I went to each of them. The samples are quite small."

"A prospector?"

"I don't know. There were just pieces broken off but they were broken off for samples—they must have been."

"Did you see any spoor?"

"Nothing that I could make out,"

Stopford answered humbly. "There was no sign of a camp, no sign of a fire—nothing that I could see except the pieces broken off the rock."

"We will go up there this afternoon



after we have eaten," said Lemaire heavily. There was an abandonment to weariness in his voice as he added: "Always with gold these things happen." He raised his voice and called, and a Hottentot boy came running to the steps. Lemaire gave him the names of four of the herdsmen who had been with the cattle near the river. "Bring them," he ordered, "and quickly!"

After they had eaten they went on to the *stoep* again. Three of the Kaffirs were squatting in the shade. They raised their hands in salutation as Lemaire came to the edge. He spoke abruptly, and they answered him.

"They say there has been no one there for seven days. When were you there last, Anthony?"

The Englishman thought for a moment. "A week ago and there was nothing to see then—nothing."

Lemaire turned to the Kaffirs again. They appeared to be protesting now, but they were all in agreement. Lemaire said once more: "They say there has been no one there. The baboons were feeding right down at the mouth of the *kloof* and they say that there is a leopard there again."

He stood quietly for a second or two. Then he said to Stopford: "We will get Andries and go up and see if we can find that leopard."

Stopford accepted this as a declaration of aid. At the same time it implied that the full matter was not to be explained to Andries. So far he had said nothing.

At the foot of the *kloof*, they left the four horses with a piccanin. Jonathan had joined them just after they left the farm. Lemaire had sent five of the farm Kaffirs with assegais up to the river to wait for them and now, spread in a long line across the began of the mouth of the ravine, they began to beat upwards towards the hills.

Lemaire himself moved diagonally as they went up, passing from point to point of the outcrops. He did not look at the stones—Stopford's word was enough for that. He was looking for spoor about them, tracks of horses or of feet, but little showed on the sun-baked earth and the grass betrayed almost nothing.

In a short while they were beyond the last of the outcrops. There was a sudden clamour as the baboons spotted them.

One of the Kaffirs called suddenly and Lemaire moved across to him. The

man was standing pointing downwards at a patch of dust across which were the padmarks of a leopard clear and sharp, but timeless. They might have been there an hour or twenty, nor did they give any real indication of direction. The beast had been moving at right angles to the line of the *kloof*.

THEY went on again. They made no concealment of their approach, no attempt at silence. This was a drive, not a stalk. Stopford was sure that their noise would frighten the beast long before they reached it—that they would see nothing.

Yet when it happened they were on top of the leopard. It came out between Lemaire and one of the Kaffirs, but masked from the *Oubaas* by a low bush. As it leapt with a single tremendous bound from a rock where it had been sunning itself, it was like a flash of vivid, black-spotted light in the sun. Even as Stopford swung his gun it had disappeared in the grass and he could hear the Kaffir on his right shouting. As suddenly it flashed back again into view, coming towards them as if to spring through the line, and almost before he knew it his gun was at his shoulder.

He had an instant of decision, a moment of intense clarity, then he fired and the beast stopped in mid-bound, reared like a shot pheasant, and then fell coughing and angry and convulsive to the ground.

Lemaire came over to him as he stood waiting, oddly anxious. The *Oubaas* had his gun ready for the second shot but now he lowered it and said: "That was a good bullet, Anthony. This morning's was not a lucky chance, then!"

Stopford said simply: "I couldn't have missed him."

Andries and Jonathan came in, the younger boy frowning. Andries grunted: "Good shot, Anthony."

The leopard lifted itself in a last tremendous heave to its forelegs, its head flung up, then it collapsed and was dead. They walked over to it, the guns still suspicious and ready, and one of the Kaffirs turned it over with the haft of his assegai.

"The shot spoils it for a *kaross*," grumbled Jonathan. A *kaross* was a skin blanket.

"It will mend," said Andries pacifically.

Lemaire nodded to the Kaffirs. "Skin it!" he ordered.

They turned and passed down the

valley again. When they reached the horses, their piccanin had been joined by an older boy, who had come from the grazing herd along the river valley.

Lemaire mounted and looked broodingly down at this boy. Presently he asked in Kaffir: "What strangers have you seen in these parts?"

The boy looked up and answered quickly: "No strangers, *Baas*. No one has been here since the *Jong Baas*"—he nodded over at Jonathan—"came three days ago."

Stopford, watching Lemaire, saw him stiffen suddenly and in his turn look at Jonathan, but he said nothing, only shook the reins and urged his horse into a walk.

They were halfway to the homestead before Lemaire spoke. Then he asked quietly and with no expression at all in his voice: "Jonathan, have you been taking samples from the outcrops?"

The boy's voice was indifferent as he answered, as quietly: "Yes."

"Why?" Still indifferent, the boy said: "We have only his word," he nodded over at Stopford, "that there is gold in the rocks. We have no proof. It might be that he is lying, that there is no reason for all this fuss."

Stopford felt a hot and angry flush creeping up over him, but he held his temper in check.

Lemaire asked: "Why should you think that?"

"I do not trust Englishmen," replied the boy shortly.

"And what have you found?"

"Nothing, so far," admitted Jonathan slowly. "I've not yet finished."

Lemaire's horse had been moving slowly and more slow as he talked. Now he reined it in with a last movement and turned in the saddle.

"I think, Jonathan," he said, "that you are lying. I know that you have lied to me before. Now in front of these others I tell you that if you try to betray this gold, to betray everything that I have worked for and that I stand for, even though you are my son I will shoot you myself. Is that clear?"

Stopford, sitting silent on his motionless horse, felt as if the whole hot afternoon had become suddenly cold, as if the air about him was frozen and still. Lemaire had hardly raised his voice. There was no pain in it. If there were emotion, there was only sorrow. And yet there was in it the tone, the spirit, the inner meaning, Stopford thought, of the voice of a judge pronouncing sentence of death.

His eyes, moving from Lemaire to the boy, saw that Jonathan had gone white under the tan, that his lips were indrawn and bloodless and his eyes very wide.

The three of them waited until, a long time after it seemed and from very far away, Jonathan said: "Yes, Father."

LATER, Lisette said: "I try not to be alone with him, but he comes sometimes when I am alone and it is always the same thing. He will try to do us hurt, Tooni. He hates you now."

"He didn't hate me at the beginning," said Stopford. He paused reflectively. "Or it might be only that he thought he could use me. I don't know."

She answered in a very small voice, looking down at the water: "I think it's because he wants the gold, Tooni, and nothing else. And you know of it and you know how to get it and I think that's—" she paused, groping for a word—"I think that's altered his mind."

"Warped it?"

"Yes, that's it. Oh, Tooni, Tooni, I'm afraid! I've always been afraid of him, I think, since he was small, but now. . . . Every time we're alone he talks to me of you. He calls you the Englishman—nothing else—and he says that it would be treachery to our country if I married you. I love this country, Tooni. I love everything in it—this place and the veld and the farm, everything." She stood looking at him, slender, very straight, small-looking in the width of the amphitheatre, and then she said, so softly but so serenely that the words were like a

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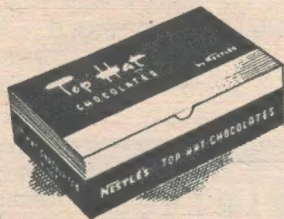
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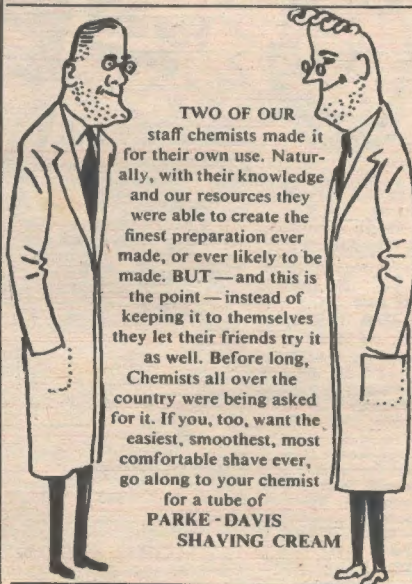


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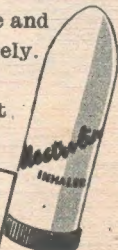
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dedication: "But I love you more. What must we do, Tooni?"

He held out his arms to her. "We must tell your father."

Pressed so close to him that he could feel the wild beating of her heart, she said: "Jonathan says that Father will not let us marry ever because you have brought with you the world outside."

The desolation in her voice seemed to fill the bowl though she spoke softly and so low that he could hardly hear her.

"Your father is a just man," he said. "I cannot believe that."

Pressing herself urgently to him, Lisette said: "Love me, Tooni! Love me before it is too late."

"Quiet, quiet, my darling," he murmured, and he stood holding her for a long time until the beating of her heart seemed to slow and passion fell away from her.

When he let her go she stood blindly for a second, looking very young. She had no tears.

They walked slowly towards the east wall of the amphitheatre, her hand in his, holding him very tightly, and suddenly she said in her ordinary voice:

"Don't quarrel with him, Tooni. He will do everything to make you quarrel. If only we could think what he will do next!"

"You have to have that sort of mind to meet that sort of mind," he answered wryly.

She said with a quick pathos: "We're too innocent, Tooni."

THE wagon came up out of the sunset. The wind was blowing from the north-west and the dust lifted downwind in a changing cloud of many shapes and became luminous in the light—gold and orange and red in pattern. The wagon-tilt itself was like an arch of gold and the red oxen glowed like fire. It had a strange, rare beauty, coming up across the empty plain with the sere grass low and withered and itself glowing with the sunset light.

They watched it curiously.

Lisette said, after a while: "It's Petrus van Blerck and his sons. The women are not with them and the wagon is empty." Long since she had told Aholibamah to make ready food enough for the newcomers. There was nothing now to do but wait. "It's strange that they should come when Father is away," she said, almost to herself.

"Why?" asked Stopford.

"I don't know. It's just strange, that's all. He quarrels with Father. Father calls him a fanatic."

"He couldn't have known that your

OH, JOHNNY!



father and Andries would be away to-day," said Stopford reasonably.

"No, I suppose not. There's Jonathan!"

The boy came into view past the willows. He was riding down towards the wagon and they saw him silhouetted against the glow, talking to the three men while the oxen plodded on. The four of them turned and began to walk towards the house, Jonathan leading his horse.

The wagon curved to go round by the drift across the dry bed of the stream below the dam. They walked across the wall of the dam and at the spill-way paused while Jonathan pointed down to it and then to the dead fields below. It was clear that he was explaining the failure of the tobacco. Presently they came on again.

Stopford watched them closely while they greeted Lisette. Van Blerck was an enormous man, his face almost lost in an unruly beard that merged with tremendous shaggy eyebrows. His voice was deep and cavernous. His sons matched him—two gigantic men.

They took no notice of Stopford even when Jonathan, curiously elated, nodded his head contemptuously in his direction and said: "Die Engelsman."

All through the meal they ignored him, talking in slow, rumbling periods in the Taal. Stopford had enough Afrikaans now to understand the drift of the conversation. Much of it was about the dam and about the possibilities of tobacco. Two or three times he saw Lisette stiffen, but each time he missed the implication of the words that brought the change.

Jonathan was more human than he had been for many days. He laughed sometimes; he talked easily; but his eyes were full of malice always and sometimes full of anger.

Only when they were sitting in the darkness outside did van Blerck speak directly to Stopford and then the question was phrased simply and bluntly enough for him to understand. "How long do you stay here?"

Stopford shrugged his shoulders and

replied in English: "I don't know yet." Jonathan appointed himself interpreter.

"What did you come here for?"

"It's a new country," said Stopford defensively. "I thought there would be opportunities." He listened to Jonathan's sneering inflection as he translated this to the old man.

Van Blerck said: "It's a new country, but it's ours. We don't want the English here."

There was an inarticulate growl from the two sons.

Stopford thought: they're trying to provoke a quarrel. In the same instant he felt Lisette's hand steal across and press on his. He said quietly: "Other Englishmen have come and have been received as friends."

"Received as servants!" retorted van Blerck, insultingly. "Pretorius used them as his servants."

Stopford shrugged his shoulders again. "That is according to how you look at it."

Van Blerck tried once more. "Where have you built dams before?"

"In England," answered Stopford evenly, "in a place called Warwickshire."

"They don't know how to build dams there, then."

Stopford could feel the contempt in the man's voice. He decided to carry the war a little towards the enemy. "Why?"

"Because if you build a dam to irrigate and it won't irrigate, it's a bad dam."

HE felt Lisette's warning hand again, but he said without heat: "This dam was built to hold water for the cattle in drought. It still has water."

Lisette broke in this time and translated what he had said. Stopford could feel Jonathan's fury. Both voices spoke together for a moment or two.

Then van Blerck's voice said automatically: "Nevertheless it is a bad dam. I say it is a bad dam."

Stopford was silent.

"And that was all you came for—to

build dams?" demanded van Blerck.

Through his hand Stopford could feel the communicated anxiety of the girl, but he replied equably: "No, I came because there are opportunities in a new land."

"They are *our* opportunities," van Blerck asserted when the answer had been made clear to him. "We chased Moselikatse away. Therefore it belongs to us and not to any damned Englishman!"

He waited for the response and Stopford said quietly: "Yes, it is your land."

SUDDENLY, the old man launched into a tirade. Stopford, listening with an acuteness that sprang out of his anxieties, sensed that it was mainly religious. He could hear the frequent invocations of the name of God; he could hear the intoning of what were clearly Biblical quotations.

Then suddenly it was ended, the old man spoke in his natural voice, but in a tone of extreme, cold anger, and Jonathan almost exultantly translated: "Therefore, we will have no English spies here."

"Tell him," Stopford turned to Lisette, ignoring Jonathan, "tell him that I am alone, that I have nothing to do with the English Government and that I am not a spy."

The thing became a brawl: Jonathan interpreting as before; the girl speaking passionately with a high, quick anger; the old man shouting her down and the sons growling—deep, angry and full of menace. Stopford felt himself becoming remote, as if he were detached from the brittle anger of the moment. In his remoteness he wondered if this were a plot of Jonathan's, if somehow he had manipulated this meeting.

It was clear even from the intonations that he was whipping the old man and his sons into angers beyond their own angers. The elder of the two sons rose and stood with one shoulder thrown forward, threatening, and in the same instant Lisette rose and stood in front

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